

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

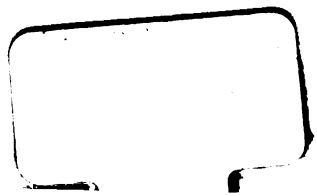
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Presented by

The family through Rev. A. Manchester,

to the

New York Public Library.





Cordially,
Caleb Davis Bradlee



Louis Braille

In Memoriam

CALEB DAVIS BRADLEE, D.D., Ph.D.

1831–1897

BY

ALFRED MANCHESTER

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever"

PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR DISTRIBUTION

BOSTON
GEO. H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1897

HE



Louis Braille

In Memoriam

CALEB DAVIS BRADLEE, D.D., Ph.D.

1831–1897

BY

ALFRED MANCHESTER

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever"

PRIVATELY PRINTED FOR DISTRIBUTION

BOSTON
GEO. H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET
1897

HE

THE
NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Astor, Lenox and Tilden
Foundations.
1897

11139

GEO. H. ELLIS, PRINTER, 141 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON

PREFACE.

THIS memorial volume is printed, by the family of Dr. Bradlee, for private distribution, to preserve the story of his life, and to suggest many precious memories of it to those who were within the sacred circle of his immediate fellowship.

Dr. Bradlee kept no journal; but in various books he recorded the main facts of his life, and these have been given in chronological order, with illustrations from letters and other writings.

The chief object of the book will be attained if it shall help those who knew him best to preserve a clear memory of a life which was a perennial fountain of helpful words and deeds.

The work of preparing the volume has been done by an intimate friend of Dr. Bradlee, who for nearly thirty years was admitted to a fellowship and sympathy which are held in grateful remembrance as the source of much that has made life worth living.

ALFRED MANCHESTER.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE
I.	Early Life	3
II.	North Cambridge Settlement	15
III.	Transient Supplies and East Boston	35
IV.	Church of the Redeemer	45
V.	Transient Supplies. Supply and Pastorate Christian Unity Society	63
VI.	Transient Supplies. Pastor pro Tem., Pastor, and Senior Pastor at Harrison Square Church	77
VII.	Norfolk Street Church	111
VIII.	Period of Rest and Longwood	121
IX.	Closing Days. Funeral Service. Resolutions and Personal Tributes of Love and Honor	161
X.	Personal Traits	177
XI.	Societies	187
XII.	Publications	193
XIII.	Poems	197
XIV.	Sermons	215

I.

EARLY LIFE.

FEBRUARY 24, 1831 — DECEMBER 11, 1854.

I.

EARLY LIFE.

FEBRUARY 24, 1831 — DECEMBER 11, 1854.

IN the preface to his History of the Bradlee Family, Samuel Bradlee Doggett, Esq., says: "The name was originally spelled Bradley, the change to Bradlee being made by Samuel Bradlee, who was recorded in the Dorchester records as the son of Nathan and Lydia Bradlee, born Oct. 5, 1707, and on the monument erected to his memory, in the Dorchester burying-ground, as Mr. Samuel Bradlee, died July 7, 1768, aged 62, the *y* giving place to *e*. Family tradition has it that the Bradleys in Dorchester were so numerous that mistakes were made, to obviate which Samuel Bradley changed the final letter to e. The change in spelling applies also to John Bradley, the brother of Samuel, whose name is recorded on his tombstone as Brad*lee*. The posterity of Samuel Bradlee who are living, and bear the name at the present day, still retain this mode of spelling it."

The name Samuel was a favorite one in the Bradlee family; and on Nov. 7, 1778, it was given to a child who in 1831 became the father of Caleb Davis Bradlee.

Mr. Samuel Bradlee was born in Boston, in the house now standing on the south-easterly corner of Hollis and

Tremont Streets. He was educated in the public schools, and entered into business in the year 1800, from which he retired at the age of sixty-six, according to a resolution formed in early life. On the 4th of June, 1806, he was married, by the Rev. Dr. Samuel West, to Mary, daughter of Timothy West, of Charlestown, N.H., with whom he lived a little over six years; and on the 31st of July, 1817, he was married, by the Rev. Dr. Charles Lowell, to Elizabeth Davis, daughter of Jeremiah Williams, of Boston. She was the mother of Caleb Davis Bradlee. She was named for her grandfather, the Hon. Caleb Davis, who was a deacon in Hollis Street Church, the first speaker of the House of Representatives after the new Constitution had been adopted, and one of the electors of George Washington as President of the United States. The ancestry on the father's side was no less patriotic, the grandfather being Nathaniel Bradlee, one of the loyal Americans who, disguised as Indians, threw the British tea into Boston Harbor. It was in the old Bradlee house — still standing at the corner of Tremont and Hollis Streets, Boston — that some of the men met to prepare for the "tea party."

Caleb Davis Bradlee was born on the 24th of February, 1831. It was on a Thursday, at 6.30 A.M., in a house on Avon Place, Boston, now Avon Street, where a part of the store of Jordan & Marsh is located. There were eight children by the second marriage of Samuel Bradlee, of whom Caleb Davis Bradlee was the youngest. He was never in robust health, but he survived all other members of his father's family. His

brother, Nathaniel J. Bradlee, Esq., died suddenly Dec. 17, 1888, leaving him the sole representative of the family.

His earliest church connection was with the Hollis Street Church, by whose pastor — the Rev. John Pierpont — he was christened March 26, 1831. Of Mr. Pierpont he says: —

"The Rev. John Pierpont was the first minister of which I have any clear remembrance in the remote past, he having been my pastor from birth till I was nearly seven years old. His hand placed the baptismal waters upon my brow, and his words were often heard by me in the Sunday-school, but I was too young to appreciate the eloquence of his voice in the pulpit, the fervor of his prayers, and his exceedingly attractive sermons; but I was very much drawn toward him in my youthful days, and I can very well remember that he called upon my mother when I was five years old, and that I at that time selected for him, because he was my minister, the best apple I could find, and with great pride and joy placed it in his hands, whilst his smile and approving voice were a sufficient compensation. I also call to mind that after I was settled in North Cambridge he was to give a lecture in my church, and that I had the extreme happiness of entertaining him at supper; and thus the little babe that he baptized and the newly ordained minister came again into a joyful fellowship with the early pastor and friend."

C. D. Bradlee was first sent to the school of a Miss Bacon; but, when he reached the age of five years,

he entered the Preparatory Department of Chauncy Hall School, and Miss Nancy Healey, afterward Mrs. Elisha D. Winslow, became his teacher. His education was continued in this school for twelve years, with the exception of a few months, during which he was a pupil of the Rev. Richard Pike, of Dorchester.

Of the time spent with Mr. Pike he always spoke with great appreciation; and on the Sunday following Mr. Pike's death he preached a sermon in his church, in which he paid a loving tribute to his teacher, and by vote of the parish the sermon was printed. Of Mr. Pike he wrote as follows: —

"The Rev. Richard Pike was my teacher for several months when I was preparing for college, and I had, by living in his family, the rare opportunity of beholding his daily life, and could see how far his preaching threw a benediction over his deeds; and I do not know that I can better describe his character than by quoting a few sentences from the sermon that I preached the first Sunday after his funeral, when I was invited by the committee of his church to take charge of the services: —

"Your pastor came as near as one well could to the apostolic description of a good character. All through his life 'he rejoiced in hope.' All through his sick days he was 'patient in tribulation,' and he was ever 'instant in prayer.' The very life of our departed friend was hope, — not in his own efforts, not in outward success, not in any transient power or by any worldly definition, but hope in the final inauguration of God's designs, which inauguration, he thought, would

be brought about by the unceasing labors of the various generations of men. And, under the magnetism of this force, he bent himself to his work in his parish and went on his appointed way, feeling that the Lord was with him, that the Father's grace would suffice, that all his efforts made in the right spirit would gloriously work out their appointed end. He believed, as much as any man I ever knew, that everything that he did from a holy motive would have a holy fruitage. Therefore, he never allowed himself to keep company with low spirits, or to distrust Providence, or to doubt the efficacy of rightly directed efforts, even if he could not see results. He was willing to bide his time, and God's good time, and felt that, as God waited, so also his servants should not let a cloud seize them because difficulties would come, and seeming rebuffs and temporary failures. From what I know of the temperament of my departed brother, I believe he preached just as well whether the church was full or empty; in troublesome days as joyous; ay, in weakness as in strength. For he had perfect confidence in the power of truth,—a truth that could not be hampered by any human trials."

His faithfulness in the performance of his school duties is shown in the fact that he received three medals from the Chauncy Hall School. Two of these medals were lost in a fire at North Cambridge. The other was given to a friend, who many years later presented it to Dr. Bradlee's daughter.

Meantime he had the usual boyish mishaps, once being nearly drowned in a duck-pond, and again being

struck in the head with a brick thrown by a larger boy. There is but little related of these early years.

Occasionally the boy would write, anonymously, for the newspapers; and he early began the practice of writing sermons.

In 1848 he entered Harvard University, and during the next year received a "Detur." Among his classmates were the Hon. Charles Thomas Bonney of New Bedford, Mass., the Hon. Addison Brown, Professor Charles Taylor Canfield, Professor Cary, Dr. and Professor David W. Cheever, Judge Choate, the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, Professor E. W. Gurney, Henry G. Denny, Esq., the Hon. William C. Williamson, Dr. Samuel H. Hurd, Judge Hurd, and other well-known men.

On account of illness he was obliged to be absent from college during the last term of the Senior year; but on graduation day he received with his classmates the degree of A.B., no examination being required of him for the months of absence.

In September, 1852, he entered the Cambridge Divinity School, where he remained a year and a half, and received a highly honorable dismissal from the school, and, placing himself under the care of the Rev. F. D. Huntington and the Rev. Rufus Ellis, pursued his studies in divinity with great interest. In due time he was elected an honorary member of the Cambridge Divinity School. In 1855 he received the degree of A.M. from Harvard.

It may not be generally known that Mr. Bradlee was the founder of the Boston Young Men's Christian

Union, although Dr. Ezra Gannett, in a public speech made many years ago, referred to him as its founder. The society was born on Sept. 17, 1851, when Mr. Bradlee was an undergraduate at Harvard.

It was first called the Biblical Literature Society; but afterward, at the suggestion of the Rev. Charles Brooks, the name was changed to the Boston Young Men's Christian Union. Young Bradlee refused to take any office in the new society on account of ill-health; but his brother, Nathaniel J. Bradlee, served for several years on the Board of Directors.

Before his active ministerial work began, he was connected with the Hollis Street Sunday-school, then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Thomas Starr King. At first, as teacher of two Bible classes, and afterward as superintendent of the Sunday-school, he did much toward making the work of the Sunday-school interesting to all; and more than one have testified to the inspiration that came to them from his influence at that time. When he resigned his office, the scholars gave him, as a memorial gift, Pickering's Life of John Milton; and the pastor placed a grateful inscription at the beginning of the first volume.

A teacher in the Sunday-school, Mr. Charles S. Lynch, succeeded him as superintendent; and, after his death, Mr. Bradlee wrote a memoir of him in the *Historical and Genealogical Register.*

A sister of Mr. Lynch, writing to Dr. Bradlee in 1890, says: "I recollect very well how earnestly you worked at Hollis Street. How all the children loved you, and how much my dear brother prized your friendship and assistance!"

Mr. Bradlee was licensed to preach by the Boston Association of Ministers on the 12th of June, 1854, at a meeting held at the house of Dr. George E. Ellis in Charlestown, Mass.

Of this event he wrote many years after: "A very young man, twenty-three years old, appeared before the Association, according to the custom of those days, that he might receive his license to preach. The subject that was presented by the candidate for that afternoon was 'The Death of Christ, and its Effect upon the World.'"

Among those present who were to decide the fate of the young man were the following clergymen: Dr. George E. Ellis, Dr. Chandler Robbins, Dr. Samuel Barrett, the Rev. James I. T. Coolidge, the Rev. F. D. Huntington, the Rev. Rufus Ellis, the Rev. Thomas Starr King, the Rev. C. C. Everett, the Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, and the Rev. S. B. Crufts. The license was conferred in these words: —

> This is to certify that Caleb Davis Bradlee was this day approbated by the Boston Association of Ministers as a preacher of the gospel. RUFUS ELLIS, *Scribe.*

The certificates that were presented to the Association were: one of church membership, signed by Thomas Starr King; a testimony to work done at the Cambridge Divinity School, signed by Dr. George R. Noyes, Dean of the Faculty; and also a document from the Rev. Dr. James Walker, President of Harvard College, indorsing the young man's standing when an undergraduate at Harvard.

Little did this young man think that forty years later he would have just retired from a two years' service as moderator of the Boston Association of Ministers, in which position he had received the love and honor of all the brethren.

From this time to Dec. 11, 1854, he preached in several pulpits as transient supply.

II.

NORTH CAMBRIDGE SETTLEMENT.

DECEMBER 11, 1854 — DECEMBER 11, 1857.

II.

NORTH CAMBRIDGE SETTLEMENT.

DECEMBER 11, 1854 — DECEMBER 11, 1857.

IN September, 1854, nearly a year before the completion of the course of study which he had planned, Mr. Bradlee received a call to the Allen Street Church, North Cambridge, Mass.

It was on a very stormy Sunday, Sept. 11, 1854, when he preached for the first time in this church; and on the 24th of September the call to the pastorate was given.

He consulted with his friend, the Rev. James Walker, D.D., President of Harvard College, who advised him to accept the call; and on Monday, Dec. 11, 1854, he was ordained to the Christian ministry, and began his work as a settled pastor.

The following "Letter Missive" was sent to the several churches or individuals mentioned below: —

The Allen Street Society and Church in North Cambridge, Mass., to the Church under the care of Rev. —— ——.

GREETING:

Christian Brethren,— Having with entire unanimity invited CALEB DAVIS BRADLEE to become our Pastor, and he having accepted the invitation, we respectfully request your attendance,

by your Pastor and Delegate, at his Ordination on Monday, Dec. 11, 1854.

We are yours, in the faith of the gospel,

THOMAS J. PIERCE,
Chairman Com. Society.

JAMES W. BALDWIN,
EDWARD G. LYNES,
} *Deacons of the Church.*

N.B. — The Council will meet at Porter's Hotel at 9½. Services commence at 10 o'clock.

Cars will leave Fitchburg Depot at 9 o'clock.

The council met at Porter's Hotel at half-past nine o'clock. The Rev. Dr. James Walker was chosen moderator, and the Rev. Frederic A. Whitney was elected scribe. The usual credentials were demanded of the candidate.

One question alone was asked: —

"What do you think of Christ?" To which this reply was given,—

When Christ speaks, God speaks.

The Rev. F. D. Huntington then said, "I move we proceed to the ordination." This motion was carried, after which the Rev. Frederic A. Whitney, of Brighton, Mass., was chosen to deliver the "right hand of fellowship," in the name of the council.

Services at the church at ten o'clock, as follows:

ORDER OF SERVICES AT THE ORDINATION OF CALEB DAVIS BRADLEE AS PASTOR OF THE ALLEN STREET CHURCH, IN CAMBRIDGE, ON MONDAY, DEC. 11, 1854.

(1) Voluntary.
(2) Hymn.
(3) Introductory Prayer. Rev. Dr. NOYES.

(4) Selections from Bible. Rev. Dr. NOYES.
(5) Hymn. Rev. F. D. HUNTINGTON.

"O Thou in whose eternal name
Went forth the apostles' ardent host."

(6) Sermon. Rev. T. S. KING.
(7) Prayer of Ordination. Rev. F. D. HUNTINGTON.
(8) Hymn.
(9) Charge. Rev. Dr. WALKER.
(10) Right Hand of Fellowship. Rev. F. A. WHITNEY.
(11) Address to the Society. Rev. RUFUS ELLIS.
(12) Concluding Prayer. Rev. A. B. FULLER.
Benediction by the Pastor.

In his "Recollections of a Ministry of Forty Years," read before the Boston Association of Ministers, Jan. 14, 1895, Dr. Bradlee speaks thus of the ministers who took part in his ordination: —

"Those who took part in the exercises were the Rev. Professor and Dr. George R. Noyes, the Rev. Thomas Starr King, the Rev. F. D. Huntington, President Walker, the Rev. F. A. Whitney, the Rev. Rufus Ellis, and the Rev. Arthur B. Fuller. The Rev. F. D. Huntington alone survives.

"Dr. Noyes was well known at the time, and is remembered now very gratefully by his surviving pupils, who to-day are numbered among the elders in the ministry, but who recall with pleasure and gratitude his calm and dignified manner, his accurate scholarship, his decisive and incisive mind, his wonderful mastership of the Hebrew language and of Old Testament literature, his broad outlook in theology, and his courteous treatment of all under his charge; not a demonstrative man, somewhat reticent and reserved, and perhaps

outwardly stern, but with a large heart and with a keen insight into human nature, honest, exact, patient, and forgiving.

"As he was never very strong in health, he was obliged to live a very retired life, and could not socially greet his friends as frequently as he would have desired; but he was always glad to receive those who called upon him for advice, and ever ready to give a helping hand to those who needed his aid. I considered it one of my greatest privileges that I enjoyed his fellowship and friendship both in my home and in his home, and that in the early years of my ministry I could always count on his sympathy and counsel as sure to be deep and wise and true and loving.

"The Rev. Thomas Starr King, pastor of the Hollis Street Church, Boston, was of necessity brought into very close relations with me, as I was a teacher of two Bible classes in his church and Sunday-school, and was also superintendent of his Sunday-school and a member of his society. I always had free access to his home, and he loaned me some of his lectures for my perusal and study. Two of these lectures, I remember, impressed me very deeply; namely, 'Substance and Show' and 'Socrates.'

"I think that but very few can understand his full power as a preacher except those who from week to week were privileged to hear him speak. Some of his lectures that he gave on Sunday afternoons upon the characters in the Bible were extremely powerful, striking, and impressive; and I wish that they might be gathered together in a book for the use of students

and for the instruction of us all. When quite a young man, he reported the lectures on Philosophy that were delivered by Dr. Walker before the Lowell Institute; and Dr. Walker was greatly astonished at the accuracy of the reports and at the interest which the young man took in the subjects presented. All these reports were placed in my hand by Mr. King, and I can hardly conceive how a person not twenty then could have entered into the deep and abstruse subjects that were presented by one of the best of our scholars. It was Mr. King's great desire, as he told me, to write before he died a book on some philosophical subject; and he went to California with the idea that he could secure there the leisure that was needed for the carrying out of his purpose. The workings of his mind were very rapid, clear, and logical. He could dictate to his amanuensis while playing ball with his little daughter, who is now the wife of the Hon. Horace Davis of San Francisco; and the little Edith enjoyed nothing better than a romp with her father, while that father was at the same time preparing lectures for the field and sermons for the pulpit.

"Many persons thought that he could have no time for study, as from Monday to Saturday, during a large part of his ministry, he was travelling all over the country for the benefit of lyceums; and yet each Sunday morning — and sometimes he did not reach Boston till Sunday morning — he would appear in the pulpit as bright and as earnest and as original and as eloquent as if he had spent the whole week in his study, and had prolonged his studies into the hours of

the night. He was a man having a large, loving, and generous heart, and he gave away during his short life thousands and thousands of dollars to those who were in need; and, what is better, his door was always open to the strangers who wanted counsel, and his loving words and gifts sent many away from his home inspired with a new life.

"Notwithstanding his great literary tastes and the thorough occupation of his time, he was one of the most genial of companions. He was fond of a good joke, ready with a repartee, and had a contagious laugh that sent sunshine into very many hearts. I remember asking him once who wrote the book of Job; and he answered, 'It would be a hard job to tell.' Once, as he was going toward the lyceum, where he was to give a lecture, he said to his friends who were with him, 'As the doorkeeper does not know me, let us have a little frolic.' So, after his friends went into the building, he went to the man who took the tickets, and said: 'I am very anxious to hear Mr. King to-night, and I do not really feel that I can buy a ticket. Will you allow me a free entrance to the hall?' 'I would,' the man replied, 'on any other night; but this evening the hall will be crowded, and will be more than full.' Mr. King kept pleading and pleading, till the man ordered him roughly away. 'Very well,' he said, 'I will go away; but, unless you will admit me, there cannot possibly be any lecture given this evening.' 'What,' said the man, 'are you Mr. King?' No more opposition was made to his free entrance. Brother King always made it a rule to interest himself in the pursuits of any persons that he might meet.

"Once on riding on the outside of a coach at the White Mountains he entertained the driver, and drew out of him a great deal of knowledge, and kept all on the outside full of amusement and information, when, a heavy rain coming, he took a seat inside of the coach. One of the gentlemen who remained on the outside said to the driver, 'Do you know who that man was?' 'No,' was the reply, 'some young boy from Boston, I suppose.' 'Driver, that little boy from Boston is the Rev. Thomas Starr King, pastor of one of the leading churches in that city.'

"Of course, we all know what a courageous man our brother was,—how in the face of his leading parishioners he took part with the slave; and how in California, when surrounded by armed secessionists, who were prepared to take his life, he uttered clearly and eloquently his honest convictions, and secured the respect of his opponents; how, too, when the last hour came, and he knew that very soon he would be with God, he repeated calmly the Twenty-third Psalm, bade good-by to his dear ones, threw a kiss to the youngest child,—now a very successful lawyer in California,—and went instantly to sleep. The time has not yet come for a full description of this wonderful man, who possessed so many varying gifts that do not usually coalesce, and who yet passed away from earth at the early age of thirty-nine.

"The Rev. Fred. D. Huntington, who offered the ordaining prayer at my ordination, and who was then called one of the most eloquent preachers of Boston, and who is now bishop of Central New York, was a

man who seemed to draw all classes to his church, having crowded houses morning and afternoon. Oftentimes two families owned one pew, one going in the morning and one in the afternoon. He had, I suppose, one of the largest Bible classes that was known at that time,— a class that met in his vestry on one of the week-day evenings; and he was almost worshipped by those of both sexes from six to forty-five. I once heard President Walker describe the two men, Huntington and King. Huntington, he said, had the greatest gift of expression of any man who had appeared for one hundred years or who would appear for one hundred years to come; but King, he added, was the greater genius.

"Probably there never was in any church so great an excitement and almost warfare when suddenly Mr. Huntington told his parishioners that he should accept the Plummer Professorship established at Harvard College. I am told that some very hard words were used, and everything was done to induce the pastor to reconsider his acceptance, but to no purpose. He went to the college, and was said by many to have made the greatest mistake of his life; for with all his gifts, which really were marvellous, and with his great power with the professors and tutors of the college, he really did not have the gift of helping a large number of the young men in Cambridge. After a few years he resigned his professorship, and entered the Episcopal Church, where now he is pre-eminently distinguished, having lately celebrated his quarter of a century in the episcopate. It will be for others to speak of him more fully after his work in life is finished.

"Dr. Walker gave the charge,—a graduate of Harvard, a preacher in Charlestown, a professor in the college, and finally the president. At the time that he took part he was the president of the college, and therefore I had the singular felicity of securing both the benediction of the college and the benediction of the man. He was a philosopher and a saint. I can see now his calm but spiritual face. I can hear now his dignified and impressive voice. I can feel now the solemnity of his manner. He was filled with kindness and with wisdom, clear in his judgment, sound in his reason, with perhaps imagination a little in abeyance, but with common sense in very large measure, reverent, solid, dignified, and noble in every possible way. When you were with him, you felt that you were in the presence of one who kept very near to God. His sight and his insight were very great; and his words were ponderous, but always becoming and striking,—'a well of English undefiled.'

"I remember once when he christened a child, and father and mother were standing right before him with the child, he began his prayer with these exceedingly appropriate words, 'O Thou in whom all the families of the earth are blessed.'

"That child lived only eight months; and after her death Dr. Walker called upon the parents, and, handing to them a silver remembrance, said, 'I meant this for the child, and perhaps now you may like to keep it as a memorial of the child.' Does not that simple act show that the man had a great and a loving heart? He was a wonderful person for settling difficulties

without any display of temper. During his administration of the college a young man who was in the Divinity School gave an exhibition of spiritual hands, as they were called; and it was proved, when the lights were suddenly put into full force, that the whole exhibition was a fraud, and the spiritual hands had very mortal coverings. The young man was expelled from the school, and went to President Walker in great anger, and said to him that it was outrageous that a pupil should be dismissed from the Divinity School for being a Spiritualist. 'Young man,' replied the president, 'we do *not* turn you out of the school because you are a Spiritualist, but we turn you out of the school *because you are not a Spiritualist.*' Dr. Walker always gave utterance to a great deal of truth in a very few words. I remember that some one told me who heard him preach in Dr. Lowell's church, when he had first commenced his ministry, what a great impression he made upon the immense audience that gathered in that church. When the time for the sermon came, he took for the words of his text, 'The love of money is the root of all evil.' He then made quite a pause, and finally said, 'I say, *It is not.*' Of course there was great silence, and everybody looked at him. In those days people were not accustomed to hear any part of the Bible criticised. After waiting awhile, he added, 'It is the *false* love of money that is the root of all evil, but the true love of money is the root of all good'; and then he went on, and gave a sermon that electrified the congregation.

"I think that one who has read his two volumes of

sermons — and they are worth reading and studying — will be surprised at his wonderful way of putting the case, so that you must listen and you cannot help being convinced. Dr. Walker had a great dread of having any of his writings printed, and on this account future generations will not understand the great power that he exerted on his own generation. I wish that every sermon that he ever preached and every lecture that he ever delivered and every biography that he ever sketched could be given to us. His influence, however, will go on forever through the thousands of young men whom he has taught and through those whom they shall teach, a perpetual echo from generation to generation. In the pulpit, in the college, and everywhere he will be a constant benediction.

"The right hand of fellowship was given by the Rev. Fred. A. Whitney. He was a man who gave a large part of his time to statistics. He knew the history of every church and every minister. He had the most perfect library concerning ordinations and installations and councils and foundations of churches. He could be consulted on all ecclesiastical matters for hundreds of years; and yet with all this knowledge he was gentle and loving and cheerful, and not wholly dried up and exclusive and authoritative, as so many are in danger of being who give up their lives to the gathering of facts and dates. He loved the church and the brethren and all the work of the ministry, and I think that his heart was almost broken when he felt that it was his duty to give up the pulpit that is now held by Brother Walkley.

"He never wanted to settle anywhere after he left Brighton, but he gave his time to the building up of the library in that part of Boston and in giving labors of love to the brethren when they needed his help. His last sickness was a long one; but he met the discipline bravely, and surrendered his life submissively to the Giver of the same. He left a request that I should be one of the pall-bearers at his funeral; and it was a sad privilege that I had of thus doing honor to his memory, with Dr. George E. Ellis, Professor Torrey, and Dr. Wyman as associates.

"The Rev. Rufus Ellis addressed the people, — the scholarly gentleman and the gentlemanly scholar, the faithful pastor, the able preacher, the successful teacher in the early part of his life, the self-sacrificing friend, a man of prayer and a man of principle, quiet, unostentatious, frugal, and one whom you could always trust and could never fail to respect. It cannot be said that he was one of our greatest orators, or that among all the churches he was looked upon as the leading preacher of the day; but among his own people he was so admired and beloved that his weekly administrations always brought a blessing, and at times he would be so carried away by his subject as to almost unconsciously rise into the impassioned speaker.

"His writings reminded us of some of the best old English preachers, and you never could find a word out of place or a sentence unfinished. It always seemed to me one of the great mistakes of the day that, when President Hill resigned, Rufus Ellis was not chosen his successor as President of Harvard College; and, in

making this remark, I would not reflect for one moment on the administration that followed, and that has been so bright a one for the last twenty-five years. Dr. Ellis went suddenly to God, in Liverpool, as he was about to start for the city of his birth and for the place where so much of his life-work was so faithfully accomplished.

"The Rev. Arthur B. Fuller offered the closing prayer. He was a very different man from all those whom we have mentioned, a character extremely original and pronounced. His great power among a number of people came from his exceeding earnestness of spirit, his wonderful industry, his positive manner, his well-informed and clearly expressed convictions, his almost unconscious but decidedly imperative presentation of his views and his feeling. Yet he was a man whom you felt was truly consecrated, who tried faithfully to do his Master's work, who was ready in season and out of season to build up the kingdom of God, and who had rather die than yield one iota his judgment of what he thought was right, true, honest, and holy.

"He could hardly understand or make allowances for the frivolity of youth; and sometimes at his weekly meetings, when his hearers became careless or inattentive or restless, they would meet with a rebuke that they would be sure never to forget.

"Brother Fuller felt that it was his duty to accept the position of chaplain in the war that was waged for the maintenance of the Union; and his enthusiasm perhaps, that somewhat smothered his judgment, induced him to enter Fredericksburg with a gun in his

hand as a combatant, when a shot from one of the defenders of that place closed his earthly account. His funeral services were largely attended in Boston, and clergymen of different sects officiated. All felt that a brave man and a hard worker and a consecrated spirit had gone to God."

In later days Dr. Bradlee used to refer pleasantly to his line of "Apostolic Succession," which he traced through laying on of hands, as follows:—

The Rev. Mr. Rogers, of Ipswich, Mass., laid his hands on Dr. Appleton, of Cambridge, 1717.

Dr. Appleton ordained Dr. Osgood, of Medford, Sept. 14, 1774.

Dr. Osgood ordained Dr. W. E. Channing, June 1, 1803.

Dr. Channing ordained Dr. N. L. Frothingham, March 15, 1815.

Dr. Frothingham ordained Dr. F. D. Huntington, Oct. 19, 1842.

Dr. Huntington ordained Caleb Davis Bradlee, Dec. 11, 1854.

The North Cambridge ministry was one in which Mr. Bradlee found much satisfaction, and he endeared himself greatly to the people.

Like every young man brought face to face with the demands of a parish, he found plenty to do; and he was not one to shirk any responsibility. He says:—

"At the time of my settlement the whole arrangement of our churches was different from what it is to-day. A great deal more work was required of the young man on Sunday and a great deal more visiting

during the week. Every minister was expected to call at each home at least twice in the year, and every week in cases of sickness. The minister's house was the home of his people at all hours of the day and evening; and, also, if he were invited, he was expected to be always ready for dinner or supper or an evening entertainment. I was relieved from a great deal of this kind of visiting; but it was all made up to me by the calls at my house and by the many choice gifts of dainty food that were constantly sent to my home.

"Many an evening, and oftentimes after I had retired, my door-bell would ring, and a servant would leave a large tray filled with well-cooked birds of different kinds, with pies, cake, and the choicest fruit. On Sundays the clergyman was always expected to preach morning and afternoon; and he must be in the Sunday-school, and oftentimes was expected to hold a special meeting for some church purpose after the afternoon service, and in the evening of Sunday he had a reception at his house of such members of the society as might like to call. Many an evening, after three services in the day, I was so completely fatigued as hardly to be able to stand or speak, and yet have been obliged to entertain callers, dear friends, too, whom I respected and loved, but who would stay and stay till I thought they never would go; and all this was simply because they did not think that I possibly could be tired by such easy work as preaching and talking, and they looked upon the minister's duties as very light and easy. Would that they had only taken the pastor's place for just one Sunday!

"The ministers, as a general rule, when I was settled, had very little to do with outside matters. They were expected to accept a position on the school committee, but were considered rather out of place in any other position; and the men who dared to attend an anti-slavery meeting or a political meeting were ostracized at once.

"The parish work in the pulpit and among the families was considered the chief duty of the pastor, and the laymen were expected to look after outside matters. I was especially charged by Dr. Walker to look after my own people and the schools, and to let other things alone."

During this pastorate, on June 7, 1855, he married Miss Caroline Gay, youngest child of George and Nancy Lovering Gay, of Boston, and sister of the well-known surgeon, Dr. George H. Gay. By this marriage he had three children, only one of whom is now living,— Mrs. Eliza Williams Bradlee Smith, who married Walter C. Smith, Esq., June 12, 1895. The other two children died in infancy: Nancy Gay, born Dec. 23, 1858, died Sept. 4, 1859. Bertha, born Feb. 28, 1866, and died the same day.

In 1858 and in 1860 he was elected a member of the Board of School Committee of Cambridge, Mass.; and in 1860 he was chosen one of a special committee of the High School in Cambridge. His plan, at this time, was that the teacher, not the member of the committee, should be the questioner, and that the committee should listen to question and answer, and form their opinion of both. All through his life he was

opposed to public examinations, asserting that the man of good memory, but little natural ability, would succeed, in such cases, better than his deeper and more able brother.

At the time of his settlement at North Cambridge many of his friends felt sure that the society which gave him the call would not be able to continue for a long time such financial support as they promised him. This proved to be true, and in 1857 it was mutually agreed that a separation should be made between pastor and people.

The society passed the following resolution: —

Resolved, That the society bear testimony to the faithful discharge of Mr. Bradlee's ministerial duties, and would tender him their warm regards and esteem for the many tokens of kindness and sympathy lavished upon them during his pastorship; and they pray him to receive the assurance that, wherever he may labor in the future, he will have their heartiest wishes for his success and happiness.

Attest: J. W. BALDWIN, *Clerk.*

The letters that passed between them at the time are full of tender affection, and in his letter of resignation he says, "My heart is too full to say to you 'farewell'; and may I not hope, although I shall leave Cambridge, yet to be in constant spiritual fellowship with your souls?"

Such fellowship was indeed his through life with many who were members of his first parish.

As long as he lived, he was frequently called upon by members of his early charge to attend special services in their families. This was notably the case in one

family. The very day after his settlement at North Cambridge he baptized a gentleman and lady; and, from time to time, up to Nov. 20, 1895, his special services in this one family, in four generations, amounted to twenty-three in number. Of these fourteen were baptisms, five were funerals, and four were weddings.

The last sermon as pastor of Allen Street Church, North Cambridge, was preached Dec. 6, 1857. The text was, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The communion service was observed, and this closed what he always called the "first period" of his ministry.

He continued to live in Cambridge until 1860, when he moved to Roxbury.

III.

TRANSIENT SUPPLIES AND EAST BOSTON.

DECEMBER 11, 1857 — APRIL 3, 1864.

III.

TRANSIENT SUPPLIES AND EAST BOSTON.

DECEMBER 11, 1857 — APRIL 3, 1864.

AFTER resigning at North Cambridge, Mr. Bradlee was several years without a settlement as pastor of a parish; but the ministry continued to be full of good works. He called it the "second period" of his ministry from Dec. 11, 1857, to June, 1861, during which time he supplied the pulpits of North End Mission and Hale's South End Mission in Boston, Fall River, Kingston, Nantucket, Plymouth, and Sterling. He also acted as pastor at the churches of the Rev. S. B. Crufts and the Rev. Richard Pike during prolonged absences of these pastors. He was offered calls from Fall River; Christian Unity, Boston; Newtonville; Charleston, S.C.

During this period he began to show special interest in the work of historical societies, and was closely identified with the New England Historic Genealogical Society. He gave frequent lectures before its members, and served three years as its corresponding secretary and three years as its recording secretary.

The state of his health was such as to prevent his acceptance of long periods of service at this time; and in January, 1859, he suffered an attack of typhoid fever, which continued through the whole of February.

He gave such time as he was able to literary work, especially in preparation of lectures on Fénelon, Milton, Heber, and other famous characters.

He was always willing to give a "labor of love" to brother ministers, and many such are recorded in the "Sunday Record."

In 1861 Mr. Bradlee took the charge of the Church of Our Father in East Boston. His work here lasted for nearly three years, as the pastor, the Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, was chaplain in the United States Army. These three years were both happy years for the pastor and prosperous years for the church. The services were well attended; and Mr. Bradlee was always received with great enthusiasm whenever he appeared in the pulpit, and his discourses were often reported in the East Boston papers. He always spoke of his pastorate in this church as one of the happiest chapters in his life, and the members of the society gave to him many loyal pledges of their appreciation and good will.

This he calls the "third period" of his ministry, and he speaks of it as the real commencement of his usefulness as a minister. Twenty-five years later he wrote, "These years were very happy ones to me, and my whole ministry in East Boston was a perfect ovation."

The spirit of his preaching in regard to the war may be seen in the following extract from a sermon preached May 18, 1862:—

"God is love."— 1 ST. JOHN iv. 8.

"Brethren, I have considered this a fitting season to speak about love. One year ago, when treason was

triumphant in the land; when the best government the world has ever seen trembled in its foundations; when patriots all over the earth viewed with dismay the state of our country; when our own hearts failed us as we weighed the magnitude of the impending danger; when our husbands, sons, and brothers rushed, with armor on and under the panoply of our prayers, to defend the laws of our land; when commerce was blasted, and coin was scarce, and the banks were startled, and all things were shadowed,—then some might have said, God is a mystery; others, he is cruel; still others, he is angry; and all must have felt that for some reason he was about to chastise his children in this favored portion of the globe with terrible stripes.

"But a year has passed; and, although our punishment has been severe, how much less severe than we had anticipated! We can now truly say, God is love, because he has spared us so much, because he has rebuked disloyalty, because he bids us hope for reunion, because he seems about to re-establish our government on a firmer basis than ever before. And, now that power is about to fall again into our hands, ought we not to ask, in the spirit of our text, How shall we use that power toward those who have been placed in our hands as prisoners of war, or who will yet, as submissionists, become subject to our jurisdiction?

"Let no one start as I ask this question. I ask it as a Christian, not as a politician. I do not deem my office or the pulpit the place for the discussion of party questions. The caucus is instituted for such questions, and there they should be confined. I ask as a Christian

minister, What shall we do with our captives of war? Many answers will be given, I am aware, such as these: disfranchise them; confiscate their property; imprison them; hang them. I have but one answer to give, — Love them, for God is love. Remember the prayer, 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.' Let us deal with our opponents entirely with a loving spirit. If necessity requires us to punish with some severity the leaders of the rebellion, let us at least manage the necessity charitably and with no vindictiveness. In a somewhat close study of late into English rebellions, I have found that in almost all cases insurgents as a mass were treated leniently, the leaders only being punished, and whole thousands being freed with nothing more than admonition; and the effect on the whole has proved salutary, the pardoned ones being converted through gratitude into the most loyal of subjects. Let us then, brethren, in all our dealings with our enemies, by conversation, by writing, by thinking, remember that God is love; and let us never allow our passions to smother our Christianity. Then shall we convert a most direful civil war into a holy instruction for our souls, into a means by which we shall attain on earth peace, and at last in heaven coronation."

On the 16th of June, 1863, Mr. Bradlee was drafted for service in the United States Army. He was exempted on account of physical inability. Of this experience he writes: "C. D. B. is an exempt physically; but, were this not the case, no power on earth could make him go as a soldier. As chaplain, he would very willingly bear his part of the burden of the war."

The last sermon as pastor *pro-tem.* at East Boston was preached April 3, 1864: "Therefore watch, and remember that for the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one." The pleasantest relations continued for life between him and the East Boston people. A few days after his departure from East Boston, on the occasion of his installation to his new pastorate, they decorated the pulpit with flowers and sent a most touching letter, with a request that it be publicly read.

A few years later the Church of the Redeemer, of which Mr. Bradlee was still pastor, gave a beautiful communion table to the East Boston society, to be placed in their new church.

On the 15th of January, 1896, Dr. Bradlee wrote the following letter: —

THE THREE ARCHES, FISHER AVENUE,
BROOKLINE, MASS., 15 Jan., 1896.

FROM CALEB DAVIS BRADLEE TO THOSE WHO WORSHIP IN THE CHURCH OF OUR FATHER, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

My former Parishioners and constant Friends,— The invitation to attend the fiftieth anniversary of the formation of your church has given me great pleasure; and I really wish that I could be with you, and tell you what a happy time I had when I occupied your pulpit, from 1861 to 1864, while Brother Cudworth was chaplain in the army.

I remember with deep and earnest gratitude your unceasing kindness from the moment I first met you till I parted from you to take charge of another church. I was sure every Sunday that the church would be full; and with loving patience I knew you would listen to

the young man, and would encourage him in every possible way.

I was received at your homes with a true and loyal fellowship, and from that time till the present hour your friendship has been a perpetual benediction.

Let me frankly say that I attribute every success I may have had in life to your tuition, encouragement, and constant affection. I often say that I never really knew how to preach till the people in East Boston called out what powers I had, and taught the young man what culture and grace could be secured when there was a listening and appreciating audience.

With these feelings I deeply regret that I cannot say to you in person what I have written in this note.

Be assured that I am conscious how much I owe to you all, and how grateful I am for the early education that I received in your church.

Most cordially,

CALEB DAVIS BRADLEE.

CHRIST'S CHURCH, LONGWOOD, BROOKLINE, MASS.

During Mr. Bradlee's supply of the East Boston pulpit he corresponded regularly with the Rev. W. H. Cudworth, the pastor of the church, who, as chaplain of the First Massachusetts Regiment, was following the fortunes of the Civil War.

These letters from Mr. Cudworth are full of expressions of satisfaction with the service which was being rendered by Mr. Bradlee at the church.

The following extracts from the letters are like many which might be quoted: —

For one, I have been well satisfied with your management of affairs. I am sure, likewise, that the parish has been, and doubt not that God will at last assure you you have done all you could, and sometimes even overdone.

I am glad to hear you are disposed to continue in charge of my pulpit, and for the good of the parish, as well as for my own interests, don't believe a better man could be found.

I think you deserve much commendation for the able and faithful manner in which you have discharged your duties, as you certainly have won a large share of my love for the brotherly and Christian spirit you have shown.

IV.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER.

April 6, 1864 — April 22, 1872.

IV.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER.

APRIL 6, 1864 — APRIL 22, 1872.

IN 1864 the Rev. C. D. Bradlee became the pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Boston, and remained with it until 1872. Early in 1864 a movement was made to establish a new Unitarian church at the South End in Boston.

Mr. Bradlee was asked to be the pastor. The new church was organized as "The Church of the Redeemer," and it secured a hall in Concord Street for its services.

The call was dated March 10, 1864. Mr. Bradlee accepted. His letter of acceptance contained the following words: —

"The Church of the Redeemer! Surely, such a church, founded on the Master, reverently holding his blessed name, and looking to him constantly for aid, must grow in grace, and must be filled with glory.

"I accept, then, your call, looking to the Author and Finisher of our faith for that benediction upon our mutual efforts that shall make us a church not only large in numbers, but united in spirit, earnest in prayer, and active in all good works."

About twenty families were pledged to the support of the new church.

April 6, 1864, was the day set apart for the installation. The service was at 7.30 P.M. at the Church of the Unity, on West Newton Street, and was according to the following

ORDER.

(1) Invocation. Rev. F. W. HOLLAND, pastor of Allen Street Church, North Cambridge.
(2) Scriptures. Rev. W. P. TILDEN, pastor of New South Church, Boston.
(3) Sermon. Rev. GEORGE PUTNAM, D.D., pastor of First Church, Roxbury.
(4) Prayer of Installation. Rev. JAMES WALKER, D.D., LL.D., of Cambridge.
(5) Charge. Rev. SAMUEL BARRETT, D.D., of Roxbury.
(6) Right Hand of Fellowship. Rev. GEORGE H. HEPWORTH, pastor of Church of the Unity, Boston.
(7) Address to the People. Rev. A. P. PUTNAM, pastor Mount Pleasant Congregational Church, Roxbury.
(8) Benediction by the Pastor.

On Sunday, April 10, he preached from the text, "I the Lord am thy Saviour and thy Redeemer." This pastorate he named the "fourth period" of his ministry; and in it he was successful, as few men are, in drawing about him a band of devoted friends, who, amid all the changes of the years to come, were faithful and loyal to him.

In 1865, on the 2d of October, he began to reside at 44 Chester Park (number later changed to 17); and at once he was called upon for services of special character for those who did not go to his church or, in many cases, to any church. He continued to reside at

the South End about thirty years (moving to 57 West Brookline Street Aug. 28, 1882), during which time he became known in many hundreds of homes as one who was always at the service of the public. In the summer, when most clergymen were away on long vacations, he prided himself upon remaining at home to attend to special calls for ministerial services. His own brief vacations were usually taken before or after those of his brother ministers. No one was called more frequently to visit the sick or bury the dead, and no man ever had a greater gift for such ministry. He was welcomed alike in the homes of rich and poor, and never asked to be excused from the most trying service when his health would permit him to perform it.

At the church service the notice was given for all to remain and take each other by the hand. Frequent social gatherings were held at the houses of the members of the parish; and Mr. Bradlee was always present, making all acquainted with each other.

The Sunday-school was of great interest to him. He did all he could for its welfare, and received the respect and love of all its members. For a large part of the time he was the superintendent of the school. In the course of the eight years there were over two hundred children connected with the school. A conference meeting was held on a week-day afternoon, which was much enjoyed by those who attended it.

After eight pleasant years of labor by pastor and people, circumstances arose that made it seem best to disband the church; and it was reluctantly done.

The following letter was sent by Mr. Bradlee to the committee and society of the Church of the Redeemer: —

BOSTON, Jan. 1, 1872.

Dear Christian Friends,— It is with great sadness I feel obliged to say that the time has come when I must proffer my resignation that is to take effect on the first of July next. Probably no parish in the city is more united and happy than ours; and we shall have lived together, in the bonds of a holy fellowship up to the time of our parting, for over eight profitable and blessed years.

When our church was founded, there seemed to be a call for its establishment; but since that time two other churches of the same faith have been built in our neighborhood, affording all the privileges of Sunday for such as desire to worship God, for at least the next five or ten years, so that it now seems the better part of prudence and charity that our church shall close its doors for the more thorough building up of the others. The sacrifice appears to fall to our lot; and at what more beautiful time can we part one from the other, and all from the "Church of the Redeemer," than now, when our hearts are so closely knit together, and when all our memories of the sacred hours we have enjoyed will be so sweet and joyous? I commend you all to the special care of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and remain your ever endeared friend,

C. D. BRADLEE.

A meeting was held, at which many suggestions were made looking to the withdrawal of the resignation; and

the following notice appeared in the *Traveller* of Jan. 11, 1872: —

Resignation Declined.— At a meeting of the Standing Committee of the Church of the Redeemer, Concord Street, held Wednesday evening, the resignation of the pastor, the Rev. C. D. Bradlee, being received, it was resolved unanimously "that, as his connection with the church is indispensable to its growth and welfare, the resignation be *not* accepted." It was also resolved that, in behalf of the society, the committee thank him sincerely for the faithful performance of his duties the past eight years, and they earnestly request his continuance as pastor.

Mr. Bradlee felt that he must be released, and sent another letter of resignation, asking that it take effect the third Sunday in April, 1872.

On the 15th of February, at the eighth annual meeting of the Church of the Redeemer, the following resolution was passed: —

Resolved, That we sorrowfully accept our pastor's second resignation, that is to take place after the third Sunday in April; and we earnestly hope, by another fall, means will be taken for another formation of the society, with the same pastor, in a different part of the city.

About this time the great movement from the South End to the Back Bay began, and before the death of Dr. Bradlee both the churches to which he refers in his letter of resignation disbanded for want of local support. From one of them, the Church of the Unity, he received many people in his Longwood Church in 1896 and 1897.

The following letter was signed by the members of the parish, and forwarded to Mr. Bradlee, who preserved it among his most precious papers: —

BOSTON, April 21, 1872.

REV. C. D. BRADLEE:

Dear Pastor and Friend,—The time having come, in God's wise providence, when your connection with us as pastor of the "Church of the Redeemer" is to be dissolved, and the church itself to be scattered, we cannot refrain from expressing our deep regret that this change seems necessary, and that we are to be deprived of the pastoral care of one who has been such a faithful friend and minister of the Lord Jesus to us. You have endeared yourself to many; you have quickened and strengthened the spiritual life of many; your prayers and your counsels have been our comfort and our help; and you will ever have the respect and esteem of many grateful hearts. Our prayers will go with you in whatever portion of the Lord's vineyard he may call you to labor in future, and we feel assured you will never lose your interest in old friends when new ones shall gather round you.

As a slight token of the regard we cherish for yourself and Mrs. Bradlee, we ask you to accept this mantel clock; and, while it shall mark for you the hours of each passing day, may your lives be crowned with Heaven's choicest blessings and your hearts be filled with that peace of God which is not limited by time, but which shall grow deeper and purer and more enduring through the ages of eternity! Very sincerely,

YOUR FRIENDS.

The following extracts are taken from the last sermon preached at the Church of the Redeemer, April 21, 1872, from the text

"Finally, brethren, farewell." — 2 COR. xiii. 11.

"The time seems to have arrived when we each ought to say to the other, and all of us to our beloved church, that sad, mysterious, yet holy word, Farewell. I am glad that we can say it with no harsh feelings,

with no bitter remembrances, and with no blur nor stain upon the eight years' pilgrimage we have taken, that should make us blush or tremble. We can say it holding each other by the hand, with our hearts in blessed harmony, with no financial obligation to press us down, and with our record clear, bright, beautiful, full of inspiration, and full of joy. No church, I think, in Boston, or in Massachusetts, or anywhere, has been more united, more peaceful, more happy, and more like one family than ours.

"We came together as strangers; but we have lived together as brothers and sisters in the Lord, and never will there be any relations between us but those of the most cordial love and the most holy fellowship.

"I know that I leave this place with your blessing, and I am sure that you each and all are joined to me by ties that can never really be broken. Why, then, do we part? Why must we arise, and go hence?

"This is best answered by a slight sketch of the growth of the church, and by a brief survey of the changes that have taken place in this vicinity since we were organized as a society. In 1864, when we commenced our services, the only two independent churches of our faith south of Dover Street were the South Congregational Church and the Church of the Unity, both of which were quite well filled; yet by a special census at that time there were over one hundred and fifty families south of Dover Street that attended no place of religious worship.

"These families, too, I believe, were to a great extent able to support preaching, and needed only a little

encouragement by which they would soon be led to become regular worshippers in the temple of our Lord. Many did not ask for a mission church, but a home church, where each and all could contribute toward the support of the gospel, and where each and all could stand together in a close and beautiful union. We endeavored in our humble way to meet and greet this want, and, as our records will prove, with a success that led us to expect a long life and a wide field of usefulness.

"But induced by the great field all whitening for the harvest in this part of our city, and perhaps, too, a little encouraged by our own growth and life, two other churches located immediately in our vicinity, — the 'Church of the Disciples' and the 'New South Free Church,' with pastors whose good names are in all the churches, and for whom I entertain the deepest respect and the most reverent love. Beside these two neighboring churches all beautifully built, our humble little ark, all unpretending, was brought into terrible contrast; and the new-comers drifted where the eye was better pleased and where the shelter was more inviting.

"From our own flock but three families strayed away for these more attractive homes; but from that time our hopes for added strength were really blasted, unless we, too, could build a splendid house unto the Lord or relocate where other churches were at a more convenient distance. Death came, families moved into the country, some went away to the extreme end of the city, until the regular parish became greatly impaired, although the 'strangers within our gates' have helped

to encourage our hearts even unto this day; whilst, too, those who did remain — and on this list you will find some of the prominent citizens of the South End — were ready to stay even here, in this undesirable spot, for an indefinite future. But it was best, hemmed in as we were by other churches, in our unattractive place and our unfavorable locality, — it was very much for the best that we should stop.

"Some of you tell me, my faithful friends, that you will form again before another winter where none can molest us or make us afraid, or that, with your already earnest and noble members, you will unite with some other church, and take a stand that nothing can shake. I am not sure that this would be well. Let us wait God's wise and beautiful direction. Let us pause till we hear the voice that shall say to us, 'Go forward!' Let us rejoice that we have done so much, that we even yet remain so strong, and that we have accomplished all these things through every discouragement and in the face of everything that seemed to strive to put us back. Let us be glad that for eight years we have done our work, made our influence felt, and falsified the predictions of a few croaking spirits, who, not loving us overmuch, looked for our speedy dissolution within six months or a year from our start. Bring to-day into our church only those who have left us because they moved so far away that they could not come any more, and a multitude of our well-known business men would appear in our sight.

"I do not think it right that any minister should gauge his success by the numbers that gather round

his ministrations, nor by the services he is asked to perform, nor by anything whatsoever of outside approbation. Our record is with God and in the hearts of the people. Only as we actually build up the kingdom of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, can we count our real success; and that test will only come when we arrive within the heavenly gates. Yet, if we should boast after the manner of men, our external proofs of influence are not small. During the eight years of my ministry there probably has been connected at different times with our church, either as permanent hearers or as occasional listeners, or as those who looked for no other ministrations than ours, representatives of not far from two hundred families.

"I go I know not where, but God knows, and that is sufficient; and you will pray for me, I am sure, that I may never give up the office of a steward of the Lord, that I may always preach the gospel of Jesus, that I may find a flock who shall deal with me as gently as you have alway dealt, and that I may at last obtain some humble place of rest in the City of our God. But now I must say farewell,—a word so hard to utter, yet something that must be spoken by each and by all throughout some part of a personal experience, — nay, a word that has been spoken for thousands of years, and must be repeated many thousands of years more. To your familiar faces, to your constant, cordial speech, to your kind hearts, and to your myriad courtesies, farewell. To all the intimacies of the household that have been so very precious, where heart has responded to heart, where hand has clasped hand, where in your joy-

ous seasons I have always been welcome, and where in grievous hours I have tried to be the comforter; to your generous tables and your liberal bounties and everything about you that has been so genial, inspiring, and beautiful, farewell. To the band of children that each Sabbath afternoon have met in this church with their simple and earnest faith, to their thrilling hymns, their earnest prayers, their pleasant voices, their cheerful manner, and their gentlemanly and lady-like and Christian behavior, farewell. To the superintendent of the school, his assistants, and all the teachers, and the Bible classes, who have been so faithful and so honest, and such a holy comfort, farewell. To the organ and to the one who has made it preach in tones so suggestive and touching; to the choir and to all in any office in those seats of praise; to him so careful each Sunday that all the strangers should be welcome, and so constantly looking after my comfort and peace; to everybody and everything, — let there be no omission, — farewell. But why should I utter this sad word? If my life be spared, I hope not to be very far away. Who knows but that some of you yet may be where I am, and again call me, in some other place, pastor and friend? Neither shall I go so far away but that I shall hear from you continually; and of course I shall at once establish a spiritual telegraph between your hearts and my heart, and I know that the messages that will pass to and fro continually will ever be loving, gentle, true, and holy, whilst the alphabet in which they shall be written shall be known only to you and to me.

"Yet why should I not say fare-*well?* Certainly, I

wish that no one should fare ill: least of all would I wish harm to you my patient hearers, my generous friends, my noble parishioners, and my eight years' weekly companions. May good fortune always be your lot! Propitious may the heavens ever prove in your behalf, and fruitful the earth! May your homes be full of joy, your business full of success, your bodies full of health, and your minds full of good thought; but above all, more than all, comprehending all, may your hearts be full of grace. Or, if, to fare well, you must pass through seeming ills, greet rough tides, and be panoplied by many disasters, may you be so brave, so patient, so pure, and so thoroughly resigned and trustful that all your clouds shall have a silver lining. Then will all your cares and pains be really but blessings in disguise.

"At last, dear parishioners, in heaven may you fare well, when the countenance shall change, and the body become marble, and time be closed: then may it be all bright and beautiful. May God give you at last a ready welcome, a glorious pardon, and his consoling and uplifting, 'Well done!' May the Master be able to say, These are my disciples, May your mansion be all ready, your robe prepared, your crown glittering, your harp tuned, your celestial work at hand, and right before you a joyous welcome from the saints who now await your coming!"

For some time after the closing of the Church of the Redeemer Mr. Bradlee met some of the old friends of that church at his house regularly for Bible-class work. On New Year's eve, Dec. 31, 1872, a gift was presented

him by this class, accompanied by a letter, from which we quote the following: —

> We are so glad that we are to spend a while in your study on this last night of the year, and we know our hearts will be made stronger. We thank you for all you have done for us.

At the time of the dissolution of the Church of the Redeemer Mr. Bradlee was the owner of the church edifice and all that it contained. He gave the baptismal font to the church in Fairhaven, Mass., of which his friend, the Rev. Alfred Manchester, was pastor; the communion table to the Unitarian church in Woburn, Mass.; and the organ to the colored church to which the building was loaned for a term of years.

Among other labors of this period he became one of the faculty of the Boston School for the Ministry in 1868, when the department of Pastoral Care and Christian Biography was assigned to him; and he remained one of its teachers until its union with the Divinity School at Cambridge, Mass. At this time the other professors in the school were George H. Hepworth, Dr. Ezra S. Gannett, Dr. Edward E. Hale, Dr. Samuel Osgood, Henry W. Foote, John Williams, Charles T. Canfield, and Edward J. Young.

This work was especially attractive to Mr. Bradlee. He was very fond of young men, and devoted himself with great earnestness to their welfare. His lectures in Christian Biography were carefully prepared, and he gave great attention to the details of parish work.

Of the persons greatly helped by him in this school, three became united to him in the closest bonds of

fellowship, and enjoyed his sympathy and loyal friendship to the day of his death. These were the Rev. D. M. Wilson, the Rev. George W. Green, and the Rev. Alfred Manchester. Mr. Green was at one time associated with him in the pastorate of the Christian Unity Society, Boston. With these three men he sat for a photograph in 1869, and a copy of this group picture hung on the wall of his study ever after.

Aug. 1, 1867, Mr. Samuel Bradlee, father of the Rev. Caleb Davis Bradlee, died at the age of eighty-eight years, eight months, and twenty-five days. It was on the day after his golden wedding. He passed away suddenly.

On the Sunday following the funeral of Mr. Bradlee the Rev. Rufus Ellis preached at the Church of the Redeemer, of which the Rev. Caleb Davis Bradlee was pastor. The services were of a deeply impressive character. The Rev. Dr. Frothingham, under whose preaching Mr. Bradlee sat for many years at the First Church on Chauncy Street, though so weak that he had to be supported up the aisle, came to pay this last public mark of respect to the worth of his departed friend.

In the course of his sermon the Rev. Mr. Ellis said: —

> We stand up before the face of the old man. We look upon that face when death has set upon it his own peculiar impress of quietness and beauty and fear and love of God. We accept the testimony of an accomplished life. We see that the fathers have passed through many vicissitudes, and are safe. Their deliverances rebuke our fears. Their placid faces reprove our troubled looks; and, as I would not despise the prophesyings which seek to tell us what God will do, so I would heed the witnesses that testify in their persons or by their lips what he has done.

My friends, I stand in your pastor's place to-day because the record of such a life has just been closed, and because the good man's minister can tell better than the good man's son what the son, even better than the minister, knows to be true of him who is gone at once from my church and from his, only, as we believe, to enter into fuller communion with the church of the first born, whose names are written in heaven. How truly might our father have said, "The God who fed me all my days long"! for he was a good man, and "the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." . . . He had completed fourscore years, and almost another half-score of earthly life. In the midst of a beautiful household festival his lips were framed to utter words of thankfulness and trust; and before the close of another day the decree went forth, and was intrusted to one of the swiftest and most merciful of the angels, and the aged man fell on sleep.

The Rev. Mr. Bradlee now became possessed of ample means, and his friends thought he might live in retirement, and devote himself to the pursuit of literary interests, which were dear to him. This he never did, but devoted himself, and all he had, to the work of the ministry, glad that henceforth he could serve without any charge upon those to whom he ministered. A modest living was all he asked for himself. All the rest of his income was devoted to public and private charity.

V.

TRANSIENT SUPPLIES.

SUPPLY AND PASTORATE, CHRISTIAN UNITY SOCIETY.

APRIL 22, 1872 — JULY 1, 1875.

V.

TRANSIENT SUPPLIES. SUPPLY AND PASTORATE CHRISTIAN UNITY SOCIETY.

APRIL 22, 1872 — JULY 1, 1875.

THE dates above given cover what he called the fifth, sixth, and seventh periods of his ministry. The fifth period was April 22, 1872 — September 1, 1872, when he supplied pulpits transiently. The sixth period was September 1, 1872 — April 2, 1873, when he had temporary supply of the Christian Unity Society, Boston. The seventh period was April 2, 1873 — July 1, 1875, when he was pastor of the Christian Unity Society, Boston.

It was believed by many friends of Mr. Bradlee that his presence, as the pastor of the Christian Unity Society, would make this centre of Christian influence very powerful in the community where it was located. This was a church open every Sunday in the year for religious worship, and for the most of the year an evening service was held on Sunday in addition to the regular Sunday-school service at 3 P.M.

There were literary, social, or religious meetings every evening.

It was an early experiment in what is now called an "Institutional Church."

Mr. Bradlee did not feel physically equal to the work as a whole; but those interested were willing to provide for the maintenance of all but the regular Sunday work and special religious services, if he would take charge of these.

A limited call was first extended, as follows:—

> We beg to inform you that, at a meeting of the Provisional Committee of this society, held here this evening, it was unanimously resolved that you be invited to accept the pastoral charge of this church, to the extent of supplying the pulpit personally each Sabbath morning, and performing such other duties as you may desire or occasion require, from the first of September next to the first of April, 1873, . . . with the earnest prayer that our connection may be mutually beneficial, and result to the welfare of never dying souls and the promotion of God's work in ourselves and our midst.
>
> JUNE 7, 1872.

This call he accepted. A call from the same society was received and declined by him Dec. 20, 1859.

His first sermon as temporary pastor of this society was preached Sept. 1, 1872, from the text, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink" (St. John vii. 37). In closing, he said: "I would not come to you even for a few weeks or months without defining my position, showing my Christian flag, disclosing my Leader, and making it clearly understood where I stand in the ranks of the church. I am not ashamed of Jesus Christ. He is my all and all,— my Leader, my Judge, Redeemer, and Immanuel. Blessed be his holy name! Would that I were more worthy of his beautiful companionship, and in more strict affiliation with his blessed

precepts! So for you all I pray that you may grow more like him, our Lord. Let us each and all hold his outstretched hand. Let us each and all lean upon his gracious heart. Let us each and all obey every utterance of his splendid voice; and, at last, may all in this church be led by him to God, and introduced under the grand proclamation that nestles so sweetly in the prayer of the Son of God: 'Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory which thou hast given me; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.'"

On the 9th of March, 1873, the Christian Unity Society invited him to become permanent pastor from April 1, 1873, giving him the privilege of employing an assistant. In this call are included words that tell of great good already accomplished by Mr. Bradlee in this new field of labor: —

> As a man, we have each and all loved you, and, as a minister of God's word, we believe you have faithfully endeavored to lead us nearer to Him who is Truth itself. We have had abundant evidence that you have the welfare of souls at heart, and your interest in the work of the Christian Unity has been hearty, unselfish, and unswerving.
>
> Our associations with you personally, your family, and those of your late flock who have joined us, have been cordial, free, and increasingly happy.

Mr. Bradlee accepted this call. In his letter he says, "We have before us a grand and mighty work, and let us enter upon it by invoking the blessing of Heaven, and the constant presence of the Redeemer."

An installation service was held April 2, 1873, at 7.30 P.M.

ORDER.

(1) Invocation. Rev. ALFRED MANCHESTER, of Fairhaven, Mass.
(2) Scriptures. Rev. D. M. WILSON, of Melrose, Mass.
(3) Sermon. Rev. S. K. LOTHROP, D.D., of Boston, Mass.
(4) Prayer of Installation. Rev. H. W. FOOTE, of Boston, Mass.
(5) Charge. Rev. RUFUS ELLIS, of Boston, Mass.
(6) Right Hand of Fellowship. Rev. E. E. HALE, of Boston, Mass.
(7) Address to the People. Rev. W. P. TILDEN, of Boston, Mass.
(8) Prayer. Rev. GEORGE W. GREEN, of Berlin, Mass.

On the 14th of September, 1873, the Rev. George W. Green was installed as junior pastor of the Christian Unity Society. He was one of Mr. Bradlee's students at the Boston School for the Ministry, graduated from the Cambridge Divinity School June, 1872, and had been pastor of the Unitarian church in Berlin, Mass.

Mr. Bradlee composed the following hymn for the installation: —

Afresh thy charge of souls take up,
  Again thy work renew;
The bread, oh, break; pour out the cup;
  Thy chosen call pursue.

Once more to other souls proclaim
  The truths so dear to all;
The beaten oil in Jesus' name
  On waiting hearts let fall.

From those once yours do prayers arise
For blessings on your way,
That all your thoughts be true and wise
Each hour and day by day.

Go forth, then, strengthened by the past
And cheered in days to come!
God grant this tie may ever last
Till life on earth is done.

On the 22d of February, 1874, the Franklin Literary Association became united to the Christian Unity Society. This Association was composed of ladies and gentlemen who were earnest in spirit, and who received a warm welcome from Mr. Bradlee to this new relation.

A part of the money for the support of the Christian Unity Society was derived from fairs, which, like all such enterprises with which Mr. Bradlee had to do, were remarkably successful.

One special feature of Mr. Bradlee's work at the Christian Unity was his large and deeply interested Bible class, which was a source of great satisfaction to him.

Mr. Bradlee sent his resignation to the Christian Unity Society April 1, 1875, to take effect July 1. The resignation was accepted, and on the 1st of July Mr. Bradlee and Mr. Green ceased to be pastors of the society.

Mr. Green continued to reside with Mr. Bradlee for some time.

During this pastorate Mr. Bradlee printed a number of sermons in pamphlet form, from one of which, printed

after the death of Charles Sumner, March, 1874, the following is taken: —

"He was one of the greatest philanthropists the world has ever seen,— loved *black* as well as white,— and the poor negroes in the obscure huts of Southern lands will mourn for him as deeply as the most distinguished scholars here and everywhere. Of his strictly religious life I know but little; but I cannot help thinking that one so true to morals must have had within his soul a constant uprising toward holiness and God.

"Ah! liberty sighs for him: honor moans for one who was so true a disciple. Struggling ones throughout the world lift up their sighs to God in their great and mighty loss; and *tyrants alone* begin to smile as this champion of human rights is withdrawn, and with desperate sinners alone is there a jubilee of relief, now that the coast seems more clear and easy for the spread of evil and the reign of Satan. Our country has received a blow from which it will not easily recover, now that good morals, stern principles, and a strict and unwavering integrity are at such a tremendous discount. It is as if the pilot were removed just when the storm raged the most fiercely. It is the earthquake yawning at our feet just at the time when we most need a sure and solid foundation. God be merciful unto us and bless us, and help us now, as the skies look so dark, and raise us up another prophet like unto this one, who shall catch the mantle of the one taken, and wear it as gracefully and beautifully and grandly as the former blessed owner."

Among the notes written by Mr. Bradlee during this period is the following: —

"Thursday evening, Feb. 4, 1875, at 7.20 mother passed to God, having been seriously ill only since the Saturday night before, yet crippled in her room for three years, with mind unimpaired and with a good share of health."

The relations between himself and his mother were most tender and beautiful. Every morning he visited her, and it was delightful to see them together. He felt her loss very deeply.

The kindly feeling of the Christian Unity Sunday-school toward their senior pastor was expressed in the following resolution: —

We, the members of the Christian Unity Society, desire to express our heartfelt sympathy with our beloved pastor in the irreparable personal loss he has sustained in the departure from this mortal life of his dearly beloved mother, and with him to devoutly thank our heavenly Father, with gratitude unspeakable, that she was spared to him, and all who loved her, so long, living and dying as she did in the beauty of holiness.

Two years later he made the following reference in a sermon preached in Harrison Square Church: —

"Eighty-five years ago a little child was taken away from a home where she was tenderly cherished, and where her heart was bound up so closely and beautifully that the sundering of the ties seemed to be the blasting of that young life which God had so abundantly blessed; and the whole horizon of her experience looked dark and murky. Yet, could she have heard the angels chant, she would have caught these words:

'Thou shalt know hereafter.' After seven years in the new home the young girl was again transplanted, and brought to the house of an aged friend in this city; and thus was brought about the breaking again of ties that were deep, rich, and comforting, and which were fastened strongly and splendidly to her soul. Yet, even then, in her doubt, her anxiety, and her grief, and in her troubled gaze upon a future that was so perplexing, she might have heard the angels chant, 'Thou shalt know hereafter.'

"Yet, again, after sixteen years, a change came; and this time it was a marriage, that lasted for fifty years, and after that a widowhood of eight years, and then her ascent to God. And, as I read her 'journal' that was written previous to this marriage, I could see that this great change in life was viewed seriously and prayerfully, and with a heart that rested sweetly upon God. Even then she might have heard — ay, even then she did hear — the angels whisper, 'Thou shalt know hereafter.'

"And that child, and that young girl, and that young lady, and that married woman, and that aged one, was, and is, and ever will be, the mother of the one who now speaks these words."

Three poems written about this time are given here: —

OUR MOTHER.

Our mother has found rest with God,
Her life is done below;
And now, held up by staff and rod,
She higher work will know.

Her love, through many years so true,
Will grow still strong and fast;
And she will strengthen and renew
The friendships of the past.

Not lost to us, but gone "above,"
Still watching sweetly near,
Commissioned by a God of love
As guardian angel here.

We will not weep as those who dread
The change that now has come:
We will not call our dear one dead,—
She's found another home.

For know we sure she safe abides
Where all is peace and rest,
And in a world of joy resides,
Among the loved and blest.

In holy faith, to God we give
The one to us so dear;
And, saved by him, she'll ever live,
We have no doubt nor fear.

ONLY TWO OF US LEFT.

Thoughts suggested on Sunday evening, June 20, 1875.

There are but two of us here:
The rest have gone away;
They have gone unto that sphere
Where night is turned to day!

There are but two of us left,
For six have passed to God;
We are orphans and bereft,
And both have felt the rod.

Only two! how strange we feel!
No father, mother, dear!
Come, my brother, let us kneel,
We'll kneel together here.

Once, you know, on Sunday night,
We knelt around the bed.
Was it not a holy sight
When mother's prayer was said?

O brother, with God above,
She prays for you and me!
And she keeps for us her love,
And bends for us the knee!

And how sweetly does she pray
For light upon our heart,
And that God may give a stay
That never will depart!

Then we'll say, "Thy will be done!"
We cannot murmur more;
And, through Jesus Christ, the Son,
We'll worship and adore.

THOUGHTS ON LOOKING AT MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Dear mother in heaven, thy picture I view:
Thy face, ever old, yet always seems new!
The smile is the same, the looks are as kind;
And yet the dear voice I now fail to find.

But out of the lips there does come a sound
That gives a grand peace to all things around.
O days holy, when again I shall hear
Thy sweet words of counsel, full of good cheer.

Mother, I'll wait till I meet thee above,
Ere I shall know of thy holiest love!
No more partings then can harrow my heart,
And God to us both all peace shall impart.

Out of his tender relation with his mother grew a sermon which he called "Our Mothers," from the text, "There stood by the cross of Jesus his mother," St. John xix. 25. In this sermon he said:—

"I claim, then, for the first place in your heart your mother,— first, because *placed there first*, because she has sacrificed so much in order to earn that position, and because you yourselves wish to secure just that stand in the affection of your own dear children. I say that she has earned the right of the highest place in your regard, and I challenge a denial. How many sleepless nights and anxious days she has undergone for our sakes! How readily she has sacrificed all social pleasures, that the little ones in the house might not be neglected! How nimbly her fingers have worked, in order that she might obtain the necessary clothing for each season as it rapidly rolled round! How patiently she has watched the growing child, gazing intently at each look and each movement, and examining each tone and each breath, in order to ascertain if all things run smoothly and well! How frequently she has retired to her chamber, that she might quietly pray for the lambs, thus gaining the right spirit, by the power of which she could properly train their young souls!

. . . "Mother! Thanks be to God that he has given us that name! I would ever speak it with a sweet tenderness and with a holy reverence. I would wear it

as a celestial jewel upon my heart and as one of the best gifts of the good Father. I would lift it up with many choice blessings, as I hold my secret intercourse with the Eternal One.

"Oh, may all understand the fragrance that is wrapped up in the title, the glory that engirdles the relationship, and all the power, all the beauty, and all the grandeur that sweeten and hallow the circle of its blessed influence."

VI.

TRANSIENT SUPPLIES.

PASTOR *PRO TEM.*, PASTOR, AND SENIOR PASTOR AT HARRISON SQUARE CHURCH.

JULY 1, 1875 — JUNE 1, 1890.

VI.

TRANSIENT SUPPLIES. PASTOR *PRO TEM.*, PASTOR, AND SENIOR PASTOR AT HARRISON SQUARE CHURCH.

JULY 1, 1875 — JUNE 1, 1890.

BETWEEN the above dates Mr. Bradlee located three periods of his ministry: the eighth, from July 1, 1875, to March 5, 1876, when he supplied various pulpits, decided not to accept a call to Walpole, Mass., and had temporary care of the pulpit of the Unitarian church at Melrose; the ninth, when he was pastor *pro tem.* at Harrison Square, March 5 to June 4, 1876; and the tenth, June 4, 1876 — June 1, 1890, when he was pastor and senior pastor at Harrison Square. This church was formerly called the "Third Unitarian Society in Dorchester."

He writes thus of the Harrison Square Church: "In 1848 it was found that the church on the hill — then under the loving care of that faithful and apostolic shepherd, Nathaniel Hall — was overflowing with numbers, and hardly large enough to accommodate the residents of all parts of Dorchester, and having no room for the new-comers who were perpetually choosing their homes in this delightful locality; and so, too, many of the members of the old parish, who lived a

great distance from the sanctuary, felt more and more the difficulty of attending service and the need of a temple nearer to their own dwellings. And at that time, also, political excitement ran high, and holy men belonged to all of the parties, and were equally conscientious and earnest, and of strong minds and of loving souls, and yet diametrically opposite in opinion, and advocating measures that could never be reconciled. And mainly for these three reasons I have named — the overflowing of the ancient meeting-house, the great distance of the homes of some of the old parish, and the mighty but sincere political antipathies — the Harrison Square Church came into life."

This church having been somewhat reduced in numbers, Mr. Bradlee offered to take charge of it, and his kind offer was gratefully accepted; and in a letter from the Committee of the church we find these words: —

> The committee feel that they cannot adequately express their thanks to you for thus undertaking an arduous work for the good of the society in its time of need, but hope by their future co-operation to testify, so far as they can, to their sense of your kindness.

This temporary service continued until June 4, 1876, when he began his service as regular pastor of the church in accordance with a call sent to him May 8.

The three months during which he had already supplied the pulpit had been fruitful of good results.

With the call came the following resolution: —

> *Resolved*, That the thanks of this society be presented to the Rev. C. D. Bradlee for his very generous and acceptable service

in supplying this society with regular preaching during the present three months.

Mr. Bradlee in his reply said, "Of course, I am aware that our success will depend not upon my efforts alone, nor upon the earnest co-operation of my people, but mainly and chiefly will be secured by the grace and help of Almighty God; and to that benignant and holy help I commend both myself and you and all with whom I shall in future be so closely connected."

Of the three months' supply at Harrison Square he speaks as "preparation for the grand work at Harrison Square,— ploughing the field with a joy and success no words can describe."

It was thought best not to have a great service of installation; but arrangements were made for a recognition service, in accordance with strict Congregational usage, on the first Sunday of the new pastorate. Writing of this service, Mr. Bradlee says: "Sunday, June 4, 1876, I was recognized as pastor of the 'Harrison Square Unitarian Society.' The church was quite full, and the pulpit and the altar were beautifully adorned with flowers. Former members of the Church of the Redeemer and of the Christian Unity Society placed on the altar two splendid baskets of flowers."

The services were as follows: —

Organ.
Hymn. Invocation by the pastor elect.
Scripture.
Sermon by the pastor elect.
Text, Matt. v. 33, 34. "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, . . . but I say unto you."

Immediately after the sermon prayer was offered by the pastor elect.

Joseph Sargent, Esq., then approached, and said: —

In the name and in behalf of the Harrison Square Unitarian Society I extend to you, Mr. Bradlee, the right hand of fellowship as the recognition of your position as our pastor and the official announcement of the sacred relation which you this day assume.

The Pastor accepted the trust with a short address; and then offered prayer, after which the congregation sang a hymn.

After this the communion was celebrated.

The first social gathering of the parish, after the installation of Mr. Bradlee, was on the 7th of June, the twenty-first anniversary of his marriage. The parish was much encouraged by the interest which Mr. Bradlee immediately took in its affairs. On the 11th of June sixteen persons were baptized,— an indication of new interest in the life of the society.

On Feb. 26, 1877, Mr. Bradlee spoke these words of commendation, which indicate the measure of success which had thus far attended his labors: —

"For my part, when I think how much you have all worked, and how cordially you have given of your time and your strength and your money, and how earnestly you have called to our aid your outside friends; when I think of your patient labors and your loving spirit and your self-sacrificing devotion,— I can truthfully claim that I have one of the best parishes in Massachusetts!"

On the 4th of March, 1877, he read the following

from the pulpit: "One year ago to-day I took temporary charge of this pulpit, not then dreaming what twelve months have since revealed; and if each year in the future could be like the last one, for my part, I could say, Glory be to God through our Lord Jesus Christ!

"But we must not expect too much, and we must be very thankful for every victory gained; and we must each and all do all that we can every day of our lives to build up this portion of God's kingdom, knowing all the time that all success is the gift of the dear Father of us all, who works with those who work for him."

On the 28th of May, 1877, he made a brief address at the laying of the corner-stone of the Harrison Square Methodist Episcopal Church. He was always delighted to witness interchange of courtesies between denominations.

As in his other parishes, he made much of the Sunday-school, teaching a Bible class, preparing for elaborate floral festivals, and in every possible way gaining the interest of young and old in this important branch of church work. He acted as Sunday-school superintendent until June, 1883.

On the 13th of October, 1878, Mr. Bradlee preached a sermon on the thirtieth anniversary of the foundation of the Harrison Square Church, in which he spoke of the church's history, and gave some personal recollections of its pastors. This sermon was printed.

He gave the history of the church in rhyme as follows: —

1848 — 1878.

THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE HARRISON SQUARE CHURCH.

THIRTY YEARS.

In forty-eight this church began
Its holy work for God and man;
And Brooks at first the word did give,
That needy souls might wake and live.

And Williams next this place did fill,
Longing to do his Father's will.
Twelve months he spoke the word with power:
Kindly we speak his name this hour.

And Johnson, too, with mind all bright,
Anxious for truth and wanting light,
Awhile held service in this place,
With earnest words and loving face.

Then Bulfinch came, the man of peace;
Our love for him will never cease:
Long will his gentle, holy heart
On all our souls fresh strength impart.

Marvin followed this child of God,
Took up his staff, and held his rod,
And, when he felt the task too great,
Left us all for a distant State.

Hinckley took up the waiting field
With tongue of fire, a force did wield;
And large crowds came to hear him speak
Of holy truths from week to week.

But soon he went; and Badger came,
A man of thought and college fame.

He stood on guard till trial fell,
How great and sharp no words can tell!

To Seaver then the work was given
To guide the waiting soul to heaven;
And, filled with zeal and love and power,
Nobly he toiled from hour to hour.

His name we'll ever speak with love;
And, when we look to God above,
We'll pray, wherever he may go,
Blessings upon his life may flow.

And Bradlee — coming days must say
Of good or ill, as best they may;
For he himself must silent be,
And leave his fate to history.

The good work went on steadily; and, on Dec. 11, 1879, the people celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their pastor's ordination. A large gathering was held in the vestry, a bountiful repast was served, a beautiful bouquet was given to Mr. Bradlee, and an informal evening was enjoyed by all.

Among many letters received by Mr. Bradlee on this occasion were three which gave him much pleasure. They were from the Rev. Rufus Ellis, the Rev. F. A. Whitney, and Bishop Huntington, the only surviving members of the company of men who officiated at his ordination.

Mr. Ellis wrote: —

I well recall the occasion, and that it was a very pleasant one; and all the more so because I had abundant reason for my confidence that we were only giving outward expression to what had

already been inwardly experienced when we laid upon you the ordaining hands and spoke our words of charge and welcome. . . . If you are not where we placed you, it has not been because you have been driven about by a restless spirit, but because you have followed the leadings of Providence.

Bishop Huntington wrote: —

After all these years, your handwriting is very much like itself; and so, I have no doubt, is your heart. Both may have grown better. I wish I could oftener see the one and feel the warmth of the other.

All the good work you have done, and the good words you have spoken, are treasured up by Him whose years never end. Time may not reveal it all, but eternity will. . . .

Count yourself happy — I will not say enviable — that all this quarter of a century you have been able to live and work so near where you were born and began. There is only one "better country."

Rev. F. A. Whitney wrote: —

More than we care to tell you, we have learned of your faithfulness to the Master's work. . . . My prayer is that you may still labor in the Christian vineyard so long as you can thus faithfully serve God and man.

June 7, 1880, was the twenty-fifth anniversary of his marriage. He writes: "This is our silver-wedding day. We concluded not to celebrate it publicly, because hundreds of invitations would have to be given, and our house would not be large enough for the company; yet the day has been celebrated by outsiders most wonderfully. . . . It was a very pleasant day, and the memory of it will last forever."

A week later the parish took notice of the anniversary, and presented Mr. and Mrs. Bradlee with a beautiful mantel clock.

In receiving the gift, Mr. Bradlee made an appropriate address, in which he said: "It reminds me of the past, of the pleasant years I have spent with you all, of our joys and sorrows, of our grand, inspiring fellowship. It speaks of the present,— of the mighty opportunities now before us, the holy privileges, the interchange of duties and affections. It speaks of the future, of the time when this clock that you have presented shall tick for other people and tell its story of your generosity to those who come after us, not a time that brings a sadness to my thoughts; for I hope then I may be in a better world, surrounded by you, my people, and all of us worshipping the good Father in the great cathedral above. I thank you for this fresh proof of your love."

On Sunday, Sept. 25, 1881, after the death of President Garfield, Mr. Bradlee preached a sermon from which the following extract is taken:—

"Let us suppose, for a moment, a character that we can call good, without any impeachment of the phrase, without any muffling of our conscience, without any degradation to our soul, and without any fears of a challenge from any critical lips.

"Look at it in boyhood, and we claim that *then* there must be obedience and truth and love and purity and activity and holiness. Suppose that it starts under unfavorable circumstances, in a log hut, if you will, in almost a wilderness, surrounded by pinching poverty,

with a hard battle to fight from the very beginning of existence. Why, then, we must look for courage and faith and perseverance and a laudable pride to conquer circumstances and take a position in the world,— a life, though shaded in the tender years, yet so glorified by fidelity that the lookers-on will be astonished, and careful minds will predict a splendid future.

"Suppose, as the years advance, that this character, or, if you choose to put it so, this young man of our imagination, longs to be thoroughly educated, feels beating powers in his mind, grasps after mighty ideas, and is determined to become a thinker and a giver-out of thoughts. Why, then, the young man must give his spare time to books, and obtain the friendship of instructors, and plod patiently along, step by step, through preparatory studies, till, the preliminary branches being mastered, an entrance into college is obtained; and then our friend, in his college life, must be constantly industrious, filled with high moral principle, thoroughly pure, and really religious, and never ashamed, if the trial should come, of showing the banner of religion, and of standing by the right through every contingency.

"But let us carry our imagination a little further, and let us suppose that our hero graduates with honor, with the respect of the professors and the president, with the love of his classmates, and with a good name, that is better than riches, and then becomes a teacher, and finally the president of a college, and we know just what he will teach, just the power that will leap out of his teaching; and we know that his grand aim will be

to make true men and noble women, and correct thinkers and good citizens; and we know that those who are fortunate enough to be labelled as *his* pupils will bear his mark with them, in their accomplishments, and graces, and powers.

"For, says the great John Milton, 'The end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge to love him, and to imitate him, as we may the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue.' So the pupils of the one we are trying to sketch will be filled with virtue and holiness and peace, because the teacher is himself a glorious embodiment of the same.

"But go a step further, and let us imagine that a great civil war springs up, and men are needed who shall take the lead,— men of bravery, men of action, men of wisdom and experience and insight,— and we shall expect that our gifted one will take a place as a commander, and that he will receive continually promotion after promotion, and honor after honor; and in time we should not be surprised, should he be sent to Congress, and there will he try to do his duty, there will his speeches do him great credit, there will he gain the reputation — the pre-eminent reputation — of a true patriot and scholar and statesman.

"Then, again, in order that we may finish the picture, we desire to have our hero called to the highest place of responsibility; and we look, of course, for that final step of power, the assumption of the Presidential office. And, then, we know that we shall find the same person, the good boy, the faithful young man, the gifted teacher, the experienced legislator, all developed into the gentle

and the wise and the thoughtful and the loving President; and we shall not be disappointed.

"But why need I speak now of any case that might be, why need I create an ideal personage, why need I call upon my imagination to illustrate what seems to be a good character on its most fortunate side, why any fanciful delineation, when our hearts — all our hearts and the hearts of all the people all over the world, in high places and in low places — are now mourning for one who, in his earthly life, was an actual embodiment of that which I have, till just this moment, called merely the *possible?* Why should I not speak of what has been, of what is no more on the mortal side, of our beloved President who has fallen asleep, of that good boy, that true pupil, that noble collegian, that conscientious officer, that gifted legislator, that beloved head of the nation, and, when stricken down, that resigned child of God, who is now a saint in heaven?

"*He* started from the log cabin in the wilderness, and he passed away occupying a position the greatest in the land; and he was one who was universally acknowledged as a man of massive intellect, of large heart, of a loving soul, strong in endurance, ready in utterance, and having a healthy, living, and glorious and submissive faith.

"Look at the eighty days of his prostration, and you hear no murmur, no words uttered against the assassin; and you behold a perfect resignation to the will of Almighty God. Oh, as we think of his letter to his wife when he was first injured, of his few words to his aged mother, of his gentle greetings in his sick-chamber,

of all his dear ones, and of his constant respect to his medical attendants; when we think of his glorious clinging *to his one chance for life*, and yet of his willingness to go, if God should so order; when we hear him speak so lovingly, toward the last, of the United States, — we feel that we have lost not only our President, but our brother, our father, our dearest friend; and, as we find that his last words are about the great pain in his heart, oh, a great pain comes to our hearts, and this, his dying telegram, bows us low in grief.

"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."

TO BE SUNG AT THE HARRISON SQUARE CHURCH SUNDAY, SEPT. 25, 1881.

Tune, — Federal Street.

Rest, noble chief, and sweetly rest,
Thy work is done, God's will is best.
A faithful life is finished now:
The seal of death is on thy brow.

Rise, noble chief, rise up to heaven,
Another life our God has given;
And angel robes are thine by right,
And all thy days shall now be bright.

Take now thy crown, beloved of all,
And hear our God's approving call;
Whilst we on earth bow low and weep,
And sad and lonely vigils keep.

It was during this pastorate that he purchased and moved into the house 57 West Brookline Street. The

removal was made Aug. 28, 1882. The house fronted on Blackstone Square. The study was at the rear of the house, — a very large room, with three windows looking out upon a large open space which belonged to the estate.

In this house many notable gatherings were held in answer to his invitation. The study was opened into the large parlor through folding doors, and it was an ideal place for entertaining.

Here the January meeting of the Boston Association was held for many years. This was always the largest meeting of the Association for the year, and was made a "festival" for all who attended.

These were the last days of many of the leaders of Boston Unitarianism after Channing, and they were present in good numbers at these meetings at Mr. Bradlee's house.

In his theological belief Mr. Bradlee always presented the traditions of the earlier Unitarianism, but his preaching was practical rather than theological; and his personal greeting and fellowship were sincere and cordial to all, regardless of their opinions in theology or methods of church work.

The prosperity which attended his Harrison Square work was unabated. His interest in the parish and their appreciation of his kindness are indicated in the following letter: —

HARRISON SQUARE, April 17, 1883.

Dear Mr. Bradlee, — At a meeting of the parish, held last evening, I was requested to tender you the most grateful thanks of the church for your generous gift; and we fervently hope that in

the future the parish may so prosper that you will never regret your action or find another occasion to repeat it.

Very sincerely yours,

EDWIN J. LEWIS, Jr., *Clerk.*

June 10, 1883, he ceased to be superintendent of the Sunday-school, but retained his position as teacher of the Bible class. The school now numbered one hundred and one members, and was very flourishing.

Mr. Bradlee's heart was gladdened by the receipt of the following letter from one of the most active members of his church: —

DORCHESTER, May 25, 1884.

Dear Mr. Bradlee, — It does me good to hear the many good words that are spoken on every hand of my pastor, — of his sermon and service to-day. I believe we all are working in our church for something better than mere recognition in the community; but still it is pleasant to have recognition, and to feel that we are growing into it as your ministry goes on, and I want you to know how much your hearers were impressed with your sermon to-day. Yours truly,

Dec. 11, 1884, was the thirtieth anniversary of Mr. Bradlee's ordination. The following circular was issued to a large number of clergymen and laymen: —

Church at Harrison Square.

WELCOME all to the Thirtieth Anniversary of the Ordination of CALEB D. BRADLEE.

Dec. 11, 1884. 6—9. 1854—30—1884.

The Clergymen officiating at the Ordination in 1854 were: —

Rev. Dr. and Prof. NOYES, of Cambridge, Mass.; Rev. T. STARR KING, of Boston, Mass.; Rev. F. D. HUNTINGTON,

of Boston, Mass.; Rev. F. A. WHITNEY, of Brighton, Mass.; Rev. RUFUS ELLIS, of Boston, Mass.; Rev. ARTHUR B. FULLER, of Boston, Mass.; Rev. Dr. JAMES WALKER, President of Harvard College.

The only survivors are: —

Rt. Rev. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D., Bishop of Central New York; and Rev. Dr. RUFUS ELLIS, of Boston, Mass.

30. 1854 — Dec. 11 — 1884.

C. D. BRADLEE.

The following account of the celebration is from the Boston *Traveller* of Dec. 13, 1884: —

THIRTY YEARS A MINISTER.

The church at Harrison Square, under the pastoral care of Rev. C. D. Bradlee, entertained a large company Thursday evening at a celebration of the anniversary of the ordination of their pastor.

A bountiful repast was provided by the ladies of the society, and both the vestry and audience-room of the church were elaborately decorated. Supper was served at about a quarter before seven. Grace was said by the Rev. Dr. Rufus Ellis, one of the two survivors of those who were present and took part in Mr. Bradlee's ordination.

Among the ministers present were noticed the Rev. E. E. Hale, who for thirty years has been an intimate friend of Mr. Bradlee's, the Rev. Alfred Manchester, the Rev. D. M. Wilson, and the Rev. Mr. Green, who have been closely related with Mr. Bradlee for fifteen years, and others well known in the ministry, and also many distinguished laymen.

Services in the church commenced about eight o'clock, and were as follows: voluntary on the organ; anthem, by a special choir; invocation by the pastor; hymn, by Miss Ricord, to the

tune of "America"; prayer by Rev. C. R. Eliot; anthem by the choir.

Addresses by the Rev. Dr. Rufus Ellis, of the First Church of Boston; the Rev. Dr. E. E. Hale, pastor of the South Congregational Church of Boston; the Rev. D. M. Wilson, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Quincy; the Rev. Alfred Manchester, pastor of the Olney Street Congregational Church, of Providence, R.I.; W. H. Baldwin, Esq., the Rev. C. R. Eliot, and Thomas Cushing, Esq. These services were very interesting. The music was of a high order, and the poem by Miss Ricord was sung with the spirit that its merit demanded.

The addresses of the older men were full of touching allusions to the past, and of grateful appreciation of Mr. Bradlee's work in the ministry. Those of the younger men were tributes of gratitude and love for the kindly influence and generous helpfulness for which Mr. Bradlee has always been noted in his relations with young people.

About fifty letters were received from persons well known in the community in their varied professions; and the committee having them in charge being unable, for lack of time, to read them all, selected those from the following persons: Professor Oliver Wendell Holmes, LL.D., the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, LL.D., the Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill, ex-president of Harvard College, the Hon. George William Curtis, LL.D., the Hon. Joseph Choate, the Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, the Rt. Rev. Dr. F. D. Huntington, the Rev. Frederic Hinckley, the Rev. Henry C. Badger.

Mr. Bradlee is a graduate of Chauncy Hall School, 1848, Harvard College, 1852, and during the thirty years of his professional life has received distinguished honors from many historical and literary societies, both in this country and in Europe.

Another account says: —

The ministers in their remarks touched generously upon various periods of the pastor's life.

Dr. Ellis spoke of the early studies and sorrows; Dr. Hale, of the work done for the church; Thomas Cushing, Esq., of the boy from seven to seventeen; William H. Baldwin, Esq., of the young preacher as he first heard him when he took his start in life; the Rev. C. R. Eliot, of the fellowship of the adjacent church; the Rev. D. M. Wilson, of the influence given to his early studies by the words of the pastor; the Rev. Alfred Manchester, of his long fellowship, covering one half of the thirty years, and of the home life of the one he so much loved.

The whole spirit of the meeting was cheerful, happy, holy.

A volume might be filled with the letters of congratulation which poured in upon Mr. Bradlee, a few of which are here given: —

SYRACUSE, Dec. 2, 1884.

My dear Brother,— Your very kind remembrance of me in your hour of joy and gratitude touches my heart.

Most sincerely do I wish you, and all about you and dear to you, a feast of true gladness and future years of fruitful work.

Faithfully and affectionately,

(Signed) F. D. HUNTINGTON.

296 BEACON STREET, Nov. 28, 1884.

My dear Mr. Bradlee,— I cannot be with you, I fear, on the evening of December 11. I need not assure you of my cordial good wishes, and my hope that the occasion will prove as happy as a cheerful faith and the memory of long and faithful services can make it. Believe me, dear Mr. Bradlee,

Very truly yours,

(Signed) OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

NOVEMBER 19.

Dear Mr. Bradlee,— I know of nothing which can prevent my accepting of your very kind invitation to be present with you on

the thirtieth anniversary. It will give me much pleasure so to do, and I am glad to be so remembered by my lifelong friend and the son of my honored and beloved parishioners.

Most truly yours,

(Signed) RUFUS ELLIS.

TRENTON, N.J., Nov. 27, 1884.

My sincere congratulations on the happy occasion which gathers your friends and the members of your church and society to bid you "good cheer," and listen with new interest to the voice of instruction.

(Signed) D. L. DIX.

25 BRIMMER STREET, BOSTON, MASS.,
Nov. 29, 1884.

Dear Brother Bradlee,— Accept my thanks for the reminder of your ordination which you have kindly sent me.

I fear that I shall be prevented by other engagements from being present at the celebration of your thirtieth anniversary on December 11; but I send my hearty good wishes and congratulations on your attaining so marked a point in the ministerial dignity of years and faithful service in the Master's vineyard.

Fraternally yours,

(Signed) HENRY W. FOOTE.

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON.

Dear Mr. Bradlee,— I send you my greeting on your anniversary, and wish you many happy, useful years.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) PHILLIPS BROOKS.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON,
STATEN ISLAND, N.Y., Dec. 5, 1884.

Dear Sir,— I thank you sincerely for your kindness in sending

me the invitation to the thirtieth anniversary of your ordination, and I wish you joy upon the interesting occasion.

Truly yours,

(Signed) GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

REV. C. D. BRADLEE.

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
QUINCY, MASS., Dec. 3, 1884.

My dear Friend Bradlee,— I have received notice of the approach of the thirtieth anniversary of your ordination to the Christian ministry and invitation to the celebration of it which is to take place the 11th inst.

I need hardly write you that I with great pleasure accept the invitation, and think the occasion of it to be solemn in its suggestiveness, and yet containing that about which there well may be rejoicing.

Some fifteen years of that ministry of thirty years I have intimate knowledge of.

I was brought into pleasant relations with you when first I began to study for the ministry. I taught in the Sunday-school of one of the churches over which you were settled. I have sat under your preaching, and have enjoyed the intercourse of your study; and now it is with entire satisfaction that I take advantage of this opportunity to tell you how much I have gained from your ministry and how highly I esteem it.

Your kind counsel, the example of your accurate and strict devotion to your duties, your healing, comforting, and encouraging pulpit and pastoral administrations, have been helpful to me in many ways, as they must have been to the thousands who have heard your words or in any manner have come under your influence.

May the thirty years of devoted service lengthen to fifty, and further multitudes find reason to rejoice in the Christian ministry!

Hoping to see you soon and talk the matter over face to face,

I remain, very truly yours,

(Signed) D. M. WILSON.

HOLLIS, CORNER OF TREMONT STREET,
BOSTON, Dec. 11, 1884.

REV. C. D. BRADLEE:

Dear Cousin,— It was my intention to be present this evening in response to your polite family invitation to attend the anniversary at Harrison Square, and join with the many others who are doubtless at this moment offering you their congratulations and best wishes; but, business having detained me until it was too late, I can but offer as a substitute a few words in writing.

An anniversary of one's work in the ministry must become like a birthday,— the achievement of another round in the ladder of life, a resting-place for the moment, while one looks back over the years that have passed and forward with that feeling that was so well expressed by Milton,—

"What in me is dark illumine."

Mother and father join me in expressing their congratulations and best wishes. Yours sincerely,

(Signed) SAMUEL B. DOGGETT.

30 PRATT STREET, PROVIDENCE, R.I.,
Dec. 8, 1884.

My dear Mr. Bradlee,— I hope to attend the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of your ordination on Thursday evening next.

Please accept my congratulations upon having completed this well-rounded period of ministerial labor.

How many have been cheered, encouraged, and comforted in the hundreds of homes where you have been so closely associated with those who have called upon you to share their joys and sorrows for a score and a half of years!

It is right that I should feel a special interest in the approaching celebration.

For more than half the time covered by your ministry I have been a member of that parish — that is so much wider than the bounds of any one society — which claims you as its minister.

You have great reason to rejoice in your influence over a number of young men, of whom I count myself fortunate to be one.

Long may you live to preach that blessed religion of our Master, which is broader than all sects and able to satisfy the human need! Yours very truly,

(Signed) ALFRED MANCHESTER.

The following verse from a hymn written by Miss Sophia B. Ricord, of Newark, N.J., for use at the celebration, expresses the spirit in which all present heartily joined: —

Bless now thy servant, Lord,
On him thy grace be poured,
For him we pray!
Make thou his light to shine
Bright in this house of thine!
May he our hearts incline
In thy good way!

On Monday, May 10, 1886, Mr. Bradlee made the following note: "I am obliged now on account of limited strength and by reason of the great caution that necessarily inheres to age to refuse a great many outside calls. For twenty-five years or more I have said yes to almost every call, using myself up for others; but now I have made a new rule." What the *rule* was cannot be told; but, if it was designed to curtail his labors in behalf of others, his most intimate friends know that it was persistently disregarded as long as he lived.

It was evident during 1886 and 1887 that Mr. Bradlee would soon be obliged to change his sphere of

labor, as the work at Harrison Square had increased through prosperity until it was more than he could do in a manner that his conscience would approve; and on the 17th of March, 1887, he wrote the following letter: —

To the Committee of the Harrison Square Church:

Gentlemen,— It is now over eleven years since I have occupied the pulpit of the Harrison Square Church,— eleven happy, holy, and beautiful years, years almost without a cloud,— when I have had the fellowship and friendship of noble men, women, and children, in whose joys and sorrows I have shared and whose fidelity I shall never forget; but the time has come when I think, for the best growth of the parish and for my own health and strength, I must ask for a relief from my cares, and beg of you to find a young man for my associate, who, while bearing the name of "junior pastor," shall as to all responsibility have full charge of the society. And, in order to aid you in bringing about this movement, I propose to surrender all financial claims after June 1, 1887, and wish then to leave in your hands the care of the pulpit preaching after that time only on such Sundays as you or my associate may need "labors of love," but feeling that I have not wholly dissevered myself from the church, although I would wish you always to understand, if at any time my position as senior pastor should bring embarrassment to you or to my associate, notice to that effect will bring a full resignation of my position.

I would like to meet the committee next Sunday, directly after the services.

Most cordially,

CALEB D. BRADLEE.

In a letter to a friend he wrote: —

"For the last two years I have felt more and more prostrated, and more and more unable to do the work required of me, and I have felt also that the addition of a young man to the pulpit would be good for the young people, and add a fresh life to the society; and so, thoughtfully and prayerfully, I have taken the step that now seems to me important for my own health and for the best growth of the society."

Mr. Augustus M. Lord, of Cambridge Divinity School, was asked to become associate pastor; but he finally decided not to accept the call.

Mr. Bradlee writes as follows: —

"Friday, May 27, 1887, the members of the Harrison Square Society and over ten ministers gave me a reception in the vestry of the church from 7.30 to 8.30, as a sort of recognition of the past, as a kind of benediction for the present, and as a holy inauguration of my new position that is to be assumed June 1 as senior pastor of the church."

Many letters were received from members of the society, expressing great affection and appreciation regarding the life and work of Mr. Bradlee in the eleven years of his pastorate in this church.

The four years that follow, during which he held the position of senior pastor of the Harrison Square

Church, were busy years, although he was greatly relieved by his freedom from the routine work of a parish minister. He was active, however, with tongue and pen, being heard in many pulpits; always ready, when health and strength allowed, to give labors of love to ministers or to feeble parishes.

In September, 1887, the Rev. W. R. Lord, of Wollaston, Mass., was called to be associate pastor of the Harrison Square Church. On the 29th of October a reception was given to Rev. Mr. Lord, at which Mr. Bradlee was present.

About this time Mr. Bradlee made the acquaintance of the Rev. P. M. Macdonald, pastor of the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. This church purchased of Mr. Bradlee the building formerly occupied by the Church of the Redeemer on Concord Street; and, upon their taking possession of it, Mr. Bradlee took part in the dedication, reading two hymns, making an address, and pronouncing the benediction. One of the hymns was written by him for the occasion.

His friendship with the Rev. Mr. (afterward "Dr.") Macdonald was very intimate up to the time of Dr. Macdonald's death in 1894. He frequently preached in St. Andrew's Church, where he was warmly welcomed.

Out of this friendship came a pleasant recognition of Mr. Bradlee's attainments. On the 30th of June, 1888, he received the following letter: —

GALESVILLE, WIS., June 26, 1888.

REV. C. D. BRADLEE, D.D.:

Dear Sir and Brother,— I am directed by the Board of Trustees of the Galesville University, an institution chartered by the

legislature of Wisconsin and invested with power to confer literary titles and degrees, that, upon ample evidence of your eminent attainments and standing in literature and theological learning, they did, in their meeting held June 21, 1888, confer upon you the title of Doctor in Divinity.

Wishing you, personally, for myself, dear sir, enjoyment of this rank, with all blessings, I am, most truly,

Yours in joint labors,

J. IRWIN SMITH,
President of Galesville University.

Dr. Bradlee was pleased to be thus cordially recognized by those outside of his own denomination, as he was always pleased to witness exchange of courtesies between those of varying theological opinions. Galesville University is a Presbyterian seat of learning. Again the same university complimented Dr. Bradlee when, in 1889, on the 27th of June, it conferred upon him the degree of Ph.D.

Sincere expressions of congratulation from many friends were received in consequence of the conferring of these degrees upon one for whom they had so much respect and love.

Sept. 19, 1888, Dr. Bradlee published a volume of sermons, which he characteristically called "Sermons for All Sects." There were twenty-eight of these sermons, which were well received by the public. A few notices received are appended: —

[From the *Congregationalist.*]

A volume of eight-and-twenty discourses upon winsome and practical themes, which are fertile with devout suggestions, and breathe a spirit of gentleness, of earnest desire for growth in

goodness, and of sanctified common sense, which will fit them for the approval of "all sects."

[From the Rev. Dr. PHILLIPS BROOKS.]

It must have been good to preach them. It is very good to read them, and I am sure that many people will be as grateful as I am.

[From the Rev. AUGUSTUS WOODBURY, D.D.]

I have looked into the sermons, and have been moved and touched by the spirit that breathes through them,— a spirit, as it seems to me, of deep earnestness and sincere consecration.

[From the Rev. A. P. PUTNAM, D.D.]

Full of earnest Christian faith and piety.

[From the Rev. GEORGE A. GORDON.]

Wholesome thoughts forcibly and earnestly expressed.

[From the Rev. D. M. WILSON.]

The titles of the sermons are very taking; and one finds, as he reads, that they are real titles, describing accurately the great and practical Christian principles and duties enforced in the book.

Every sentence is notable for its illumination of some great principle, for its felicity of style; and, indeed, there is marked literary style in the book, the author's own to be recognized anywhere,—sentences with rich and accurate vocabulary, yet simple and clear as mountain water.

[From Dr. J. H. ALLEN.]

I find the book very charming,— a delightful flowering out of the sweet and grave spirit that was in the elder Unitarianism, a delightful relief to the overstrained, critical, and scientific self-consciousness that so often prevails in the best of our modern sermonizing.

On the 17th of December, 1888, Dr. Bradlee was sadly shocked by the announcement of the sudden death of his brother, Nathaniel J. Bradlee, who expired almost instantly, while near Shirley, Mass., in a railroad train. His friend, Mr. Suter, was with him, and returned at once to Boston with the body. Dr. Bradlee was called upon to break the sad news to his brother's family.

Of the event Dr. Bradlee writes: "All the city was startled by the news; and the papers of the evening had very long notices of Nathaniel, of his useful and honorable life, and spoke of the great loss his departure would bring to everybody.

"How pleased father and mother must be to see that Nathaniel has left such an honorable record! Mother's rule for the boys used to be: 'Whatever else you do, *be good*. Goodness first,' she said, 'then let greatness come, if it will; but, if it does not come, no matter.' I am the last child now left this side of the river,— the last and youngest child of Samuel and Elizabeth (Williams) Bradlee."

The following poem expresses his feeling at this time:—

I AM LEFT ALONE.

Alone I am, *alone;* the last
Of those I knew in years long past,
In the old home where I had birth.
Ah! I alone am still on earth.

Father and mother, brothers dear,
Sisters and friends, no longer here!
The old house gone, and I still live.
Patience and faith, O Father, give.

Oh, not alone! I have my God,
His gracious help, his staff and rod;
The Saviour still is close at hand,
And angels bright, a happy band.

Oh, not alone! Another home
In holy love to me has come;
And wife and child give me their care,
And daily blessings with me share.

Oh, not alone! A home above,
A home below, both full of love,
To me are given; and all is right,
My heart is calm, my years are bright.

April 21, 1890, Dr. Bradlee sent his resignation to the Prudential Committee of the Harrison Square Church, to take effect June 1, 1890, after eleven years' service as pastor and three additional years as senior pastor.

Mr. George W. Fox, assistant secretary of the American Unitarian Association, was asked to make the proper change in the Unitarian Year Book; and in a letter he says: —

I shall obey your request, and erase your name from the place of senior pastor at Harrison Square with sincerest regret, not only as an officer of the American Unitarian Association and on personal grounds, but as a citizen of Dorchester.

In my latter capacity I have seen with the greatest satisfaction your successful labors, by which a society sadly weakened was brought into a condition of vigor and usefulness.

And you are not only to have credit for all this, but also for introducing into your place, when you felt that you must relinquish active work, a successor admirably fitted to carry on what you had so well begun.

In the *Evening Traveller* of April 29, 1890, it was said: —

Rev. Dr. Bradlee has resigned the office of senior pastor of the Unitarian church at Harrison Square. For the long period of fourteen years he has been connected with this society. During eleven of the fourteen years he was pastor, and during the remaining three senior pastor. His ministration has been crowned with success, and he retires followed by the love and the highest respect of his parishioners and of the community in general.

The committee acted upon the resignation May 5, 1890. They accepted it, and in the letter announcing the acceptance said: —

In accepting the same, we beg to express to you our profound and lasting appreciation of the faithfulness and zeal with which you have performed the duties of your high calling.

We desire, especially, to thank you in the name of all who came under your ministry for the affectionate relations which you so constantly maintained, particularly with those who in any way needed your sympathy.

And, personally, we desire to convey to you our most hearty and sincere hope that your remaining years and those of your family may be even more blessed than the years that are past.

The church passed the following resolution: —

Whereas The Rev. Caleb Davis Bradlee has been connected with this church for the past fourteen years, and has labored faithfully and earnestly for the good of the church and the community in which it stands,—

Resolved, That the church, accepting Mr. Bradlee's resignation as senior pastor, does so with a full appreciation of his worth and character, and desires to put upon record its testimony to his fidelity and zeal as a Christian pastor.

The *Unitarian* for June, 1890, had the following paragraph: —

> The resignation of the Rev. Caleb D. Bradlee, D.D., as senior pastor of the Harrison Square Unitarian Church takes effect June 1. Both the letters from the Prudential Committee and the resolution passed by the church upon accepting his resignation express most cordial appreciation of Mr. Bradlee's worth, character, fidelity, and zeal, and their gratitude for the kindly relations he had always maintained with all who came under his ministry.

The end of a long settlement had come. He had put much time, strength, and money into the church enterprise. He was content to have done this, since the results were such as to amply repay him for all that he had done. The years that he might have spent in semi-retirement, busy about personal affairs, had been toilsome years for the sake of others; and he was satisfied thus to have given expression to his self-sacrificing disposition and benevolent spirit. No man was ever happier than he in serving his fellow-men.

In 1894, on the 8th of February, he delivered a brief address at the dedication of Christ Church, Dorchester, a new stone structure which had replaced the wooden church where he had spent so many happy Sundays.

VII.

NORFOLK STREET CHURCH.

JUNE 1, 1890—JUNE 1, 1892.

VII.

NORFOLK STREET CHURCH.

JUNE 1, 1890 — JUNE 1, 1892.

THE *Christian Register* of June 5, 1890, speaking of Dr. Bradlee's resignation at Harrison Square, says: —

> His active work does not cease, however, with this resignation. On June 1, the very day his resignation took effect, Dr. Bradlee entered upon his duties as pastor of the Norfolk Unitarian Church. The invitation to this new field of labor was so urgent and flattering that, although Dr. Bradlee had almost retired from the active work of the ministry, he could not bring himself to decline it. No doubt the Norfolk Street Church will prosper under his care as did the church at Harrison Square.

In the spring of 1890 Dr. Bradlee generously offered to this new church that had been formed in Dorchester his services for one year as pastor. The society was organized in the autumn of 1889, and had been dependent since its formation upon "labors of love" from different ministers. Dr. Bradlee had preached several times, — always to a large number, — and had been asked by the society to officiate at its Easter christening. The kind offer was gladly and gratefully accepted.

This was the eleventh period of his ministry.

The work at the Norfolk Street Church was all the more pleasant to Dr. Bradlee because it was begun in the parlor of one who had known him in Hollis Street Church when he was a very young man.

It was always thus that the members of his old parishes followed him to the new field.

The chairman of the Parish Committee was one of his Church of the Redeemer parishioners, Mr. Horace S. Fowle. He wrote to Dr. Bradlee May 10, 1890, accepting his offer to take charge of the new church. In closing his letter, he said: —

> Let this letter serve as a cordial, loving, and thankful welcome from us; and may God grant that together we shall be instrumental in promoting the welfare of the community, and increasing the religious and moral condition of the neighborhood.

In his reply Dr. Bradlee said: —

"I thank you, and all associated with you, for your hearty welcome and benediction; and I trust that our temporary fellowship may result in the good of the society that we represent."

Rev. W. I. Lawrance, from whose church some of the Norfolk Church families came, wrote a very cordial letter to Dr. Bradlee. Among other things he said: —

> I am glad you are to be with our Norfolk friends. It will be a great help to them. They are full of courage, and need to have some one to guide their energies. It will be far better than to go on as they have. The more they catch of your spirit, too, and the more they profit by your counsels, the better it will be for them. I think they did just right, also, in making you pastor instead of regular supply. I believe much in the pastoral relation. Without it preaching, however good, will hardly build up a church.

At the first service as pastor of the Norfolk Church he said: "Christian friends, to-day for the first time I speak to you as your pastor. We are here to do the Master's work in the Master's spirit, each one of us a priest, hoping to build up amongst ourselves, and in this neighborhood, the kingdom of God, and praying God to give us the power to light up a flame in this part of Dorchester that shall never die out.

"But in order to accomplish successfully our work, whilst we hold tightly the Father's hand and follow closely the Saviour's precepts, we must also constantly watch our manners, so that they shall always be genial, sweet, sacred, impressive, and winning; we must watch our speech, too, that it shall be gentle, touching, searching, and full of power; we must watch our deeds, so that they shall be pure, noble, generous, and really beautiful and grand; and we must also remember that Almighty God and the blessed Redeemer and the holy angels are constantly watching us, and urging us to be faithful as long as the breath of life shall last. And the motto on our spiritual banner must always be 'Soldiers of the Cross.'"

In October, 1890, one of his parishioners wrote to him:—

> The rapidly growing success of this new church has been a constant joy to us all; and we feel more than repaid for what did not seem to us trouble, considering the great good we looked forward to. We are very happy in our dear Christian pastor, our enthusiastic people, our bright, hopeful Sunday-school, and our little church home.

On Oct. 30, 1890, one year and sixteen days after the society's organization, a newly built chapel was

dedicated. At the annual church meeting in the spring of 1891 there were read warm words of appreciation of Dr. Bradlee's great assistance to the church, and a unanimous request was passed for a continuation of the pastor's services during another year. The request was kindly granted by Dr. Bradlee. The church, not yet two years old, was almost entirely free from debt, and had an average of one hundred at the Sunday morning service. The young people of the society formed a club for religious, intellectual, and social purposes, and, in gratitude to their pastor, named it the Caleb Davis Bradlee Club.

Hardly enough can be said of Dr. Bradlee's great kindness and helpfulness to the new and struggling church. With loyal men and women to carry on the work of the church, it still needed the strong voice in the pulpit and the experienced hand at the helm. Dr. Bradlee's generous offer gave both, and the marvellous growth of the society showed that his labor was appreciated. He was often present at the Sunday-school service, and addressed the scholars,—he had the rare gift of speaking to children; and his cordial calls were anticipated by all in the church.

The following letter was much prized by Dr. Bradlee, and may be inserted here as showing his kindly relations with men of other forms of faith:—

233 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON,
May 4, 1891.

Dear Dr. Bradlee,— I rejoice in your cordial letter. We are all working together; and, if the new position in which I am to be placed shall give me any new opportunity to do any bit of our

common work more faithfully, I shall rejoice. To know that you care for what concerns me and my work gives me much joy. I am, with all good wishes,

Faithfully your friend,

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

June 11, 1891, Dr. Bradlee received the following letter: —

TUFTS COLLEGE, June 10, 1891.

My dear Sir,— It willl afford me pleasure to have you attend our Commencement on the 17th inst. It may not be improper for me, and I trust it will not be disagreeable to you, to inform you that the authorities of the college have decided to confer upon you the degree of Doctor in Divinity at the approaching Commencement. Very truly yours,

E. H. CAPEN.

Dr. Bradlee sent his regrets that the uncertain state of his health made it doubtful if he would be able to accept Dr. Capen's kind invitation, and gave expression to his appreciation of the honor to be bestowed and his pleasure in anticipation of becoming an adopted son of Tufts College.

The degree was conferred June 17, 1891; and he was now A.B. and A.M. (Harvard), D.D. and Ph.D. (Galesville), D.D. (Tufts).

Late in 1891 Dr. Bradlee told the committee of the Norfolk Church that he must retire from the charge of the church at the close of the second year of his service as pastor, and asked them to take charge of the last two Sundays in each month after Jan. 1, 1892, in order that they might hear candidates for the pulpit and be ready to go on with a new minister in the fall of 1892.

The society had been blessed with a remarkable growth. New families were coming in; and Dr. Bradlee thought that the next step in the line of progress was to secure the services of a young man who would live near the church, and devote his whole time to its interests. There was need of more work during the week than he felt able to do. He could not be satisfied simply to preach on Sunday and have a class in Sunday-school: his ideal of the ministry demanded a close relation between pastor and people, which could be maintained only by visiting from house to house.

In his letter to the committee he says, "I need not tell the committee nor the society that which all so well know,— how much I have enjoyed their fellowship and friendship, and how the remembrance of my sacred relationship will always be a benediction."

As the time drew near for the close of the pastorate, there were many expressions of regret on the part of those who had become very closely attached to Dr. Bradlee.

One writes: —

It was a great grief to me, while listening to your noble words on Sunday, to think I should hear that voice no more from that pulpit; but, indeed, it is a comfort to be assured of your continued friendship and regard, and, though we may meet you less frequently than formerly, the memory of your kindly interest in us on all occasions will always be a blessing to us. We thank you for the cordial invitation to visit your home, and we shall be glad to avail ourselves of it when cares and duties permit. We shall be glad also to welcome you and those dear to you at our home at any time, and hope we shall have the pleasure of doing so many times.

Another says: —

We are happy in the thought that you were the first to greet us when we entered the Norfolk Unitarian Church as strangers. We were in want of sympathy and encouragement, and you seemed to answer to all our needs. We feel very strongly in regard to your resignation.

Another writes: —

Again let me personally thank you for what you have done for my good and the good of our church.

The *Christian Register* contained the following notice March 10, 1892: —

Dorchester Norfolk Church.— Rev. C. D. Bradlee, D.D., who has been pastor of the Norfolk Unitarian Church since its formation some two years ago, resigned last Sunday.

He took charge of this movement when worship was carried on in a private house, and has brought it to its present flourishing condition. He leaves to his successor a large congregation, a well-attended Sunday-school, and a beautiful and commodious church edifice. The growth of this society under Dr. Bradlee's care has been remarkable, and deep sorrow was expressed by the people at his resignation. He leaves the pulpit because he feels that he has accomplished all he hoped for when he took charge of the enterprise,— made it self-sustaining and ready for the leadership of a younger man. Dr. Bradlee's mission seems to be this,— of encouraging new movements until strong enough to build a church and secure a resident pastor. What he has done in this direction is well known to the Unitarians of Boston. He will now continue the literary and occasional pastoral work to which he has always devoted himself between pastorates.

On the 1st of June, 1892, the Norfolk Church gave a reception to Dr. Bradlee, and invited the members of

the Boston Association, of which he was then Moderator, to be present. There were many present. At about 8 P.M. the visitors entered the chapel, where they were received by the Rev. and Mrs. C. D. Bradlee, Miss Eliza W. Bradlee, and Samuel B. Doggett, Esq.

The chapel was beautifully adorned with flowers, and seemed delightfully homelike.

At about nine o'clock Dr. Bradlee was presented with a series of resolutions in the form of a diploma. In presenting the gift, allusion was made to the esteem and gratitude felt by all toward Dr. Bradlee. One of the ladies of the society presented, in behalf of the Women's Aid Association, a beautiful basket of flowers, and expressed, in a very graceful and happy manner, the strong affection felt by the ladies for the retiring pastor.

Dr. Bradlee responded earnestly and affectionately to the tributes of love. Letters were read from absent friends. All present enjoyed a fine supper, and at 10 P.M. the festivities were ended. The pastorate of the Norfolk Church was finished.

VIII.

PERIOD OF REST AND LONGWOOD.

JUNE 1, 1892 — MAY 1, 1897.



CHRIST'S CHURCH, LONGWOOD.

VIII.

PERIOD OF REST AND LONGWOOD.

JUNE 1, 1892 — MAY 1, 1897.

THE twelfth period of Dr. Bradlee's ministry was spent in semi-retirement from June 1, 1892–April 9, 1893. Learning of his success at Norfolk Church, many new or feeble parishes were anxious to secure Dr. Bradlee's services. His friend of many years, Edward Everett Hale, D.D., wanted him to do for a new church at Ashmont what he had done at Norfolk Church. But he felt the need of rest for a time from the exacting duties of a regular pastorate, and so declined calls for more than a Sunday or two in a place.

For nearly a year he pursued this course, spending much time in the preparation of a second volume of sermons, which he was to publish in December, 1893.

He sometimes thought that his work as pastor of a church was at an end, and expected to spend the remaining years of his life quietly in his study for the most part.

Little did he think that the crowning work of his life lay before him; that the few brief years of his earthly career which remained were to be those which should best show his worth and power as a preacher and organizer!

In a note-book we find the following: —

"Monday P.M., April 3, 1893, I received an invitation to take temporary charge of Christ's Church, Longwood. The service is to commence next Sunday, April 9, 1893. The liturgy of the church has to be used, although I am allowed to cut a part of the service short; but I am not allowed to introduce anything into the service."

The Rev. D. M. Wilson, Superintendent of Churches for New England of the American Unitarian Association, had for a long time wished to have this church open for services, and at last he saw a possibility of accomplishing this purpose. At his solicitation, Dr. Bradlee was induced to consent to come out from semi-retirement to the world of public service.

Charles W. Cotting, Esq., was the chairman of the Board of Trustees of the property of Christ's Church. He was a lifelong friend of Dr. Bradlee, and he was consulted in regard to the reopening of the church.

He had such confidence in Dr. Bradlee that, when he heard of the possibility of his taking charge of the services in the church, he did not hesitate to advise the commencement of a work which proved to be of great importance.

Having gained permission to use the church edifice, some of those most interested in the new movement sent the following letter to Dr. Bradlee: —

TO THE REV. C. D. BRADLEE, D.D.:

Dear Sir,— We, the undersigned, residents of Brookline, respectfully and cordially invite you to take charge of religious

services which are to be held in Christ's Church, Longwood, Sunday mornings during the present season.

WILLIAM STEARNS.
JOHN H. GIBBS.
HENRY R. HALLETT.

A circular letter was sent to the families in the vicinity of the church, inviting them to come to these services.

Dr. Bradlee was well acquainted with the history of the church at Longwood. It was built in the time of his early ministry by Mr. David Sears, who had dreams of church unity, and thought he had devised a ritual in the use of which all Christians would at once unite. The use of this ritual — or the use of no other service — was required; and the church, a noble edifice, beautifully located, was thrown open. The ritual became a stumbling-block to many. It was not wholly acceptable to those of any sect; and, after an experiment which lasted a few years, the church was closed. The Rev. Mr. Hubbard had charge of the church in 1862, and served two years.

The Rev. Dr. Henry A. Miles served five years. The Rev. S. B. Cruft served one year.

Dr. Bradlee considered the matter very carefully. Among others whom he consulted was Dr. E. E. Hale, who wrote: —

When I heard that this arrangement was possible, I was delighted; and I am most glad that it is to be carried out. I am quite sure that in your hands it will succeed, though I see the difficulties. Let me help in any way I can, and be sure of my sympathy and my prayers.

To the committee Dr. Bradlee wrote: —

"I have received, through the Rev. D. M. Wilson, the Superintendent of New England Churches, your very kindly expressed desire that I shall take charge of Christ's Church, Longwood.

"I thank you heartily for the invitation, and with great pleasure do I accept the same, and most gladly will I give my services for such time as the same may be needed."

Once having made up his mind to do this work, he went to it with all the delight and hopefulness of a young man going to his first parish.

The first service was held April 9, 1893, and is thus reported in the Boston *Globe* of April 10: —

The old Christ Church, Longwood, was reopened yesterday morning after its doors had been closed for about fifteen years.

The old church is a stone edifice, and is situated on Colchester Street. It was built about thirty-five years ago by David Sears, at his own expense, and for the purpose of carrying out a plan of religious worship which had originated with himself. For a short time the services continued, but the plan was not successful; and after a time the church was used for holding services by various denominations.

It was the first house of worship erected in the Longwood section of Brookline. About fifteen years ago its doors were closed, and since that time it has been "more ornamental than useful" to the section.

About a year ago a few residents in the vicinity interested themselves in the organization of a new religious society. A committee was appointed to further the matter. This committee invited the Rev. C. D. Bradlee, D.D., late of the Norfolk Unitarian Church, to take charge of the new society.

A congregation of about one hundred people gathered yesterday morning to hear the first sermon. Mr. Bradlee took his text from Acts vii. 33, "Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place where thou standest is holy ground."

The speaker endeavored to prove that all places were holy, if a person had the holy spirit to meet each occasion as it came. He spoke of the glory of friendship, by which all people could be brought together in a truer fellowship, and also of the spiritual fellowship that made all people as one in the sight of God. He finally maintained that every duty nearest at hand brought us all closer together and nearer to God.

The promoters of the venture were greatly pleased with the success of the first service, and feel confident that it will be received in the vicinity with much satisfaction.

Of this service Dr. Bradlee made the following note: —

"I began my new work in Longwood, Christ's Church, Colchester Street, Sunday, April 9, 1893. I had a very good number for the first service. I am to be temporary pastor and preacher. The movement is an experiment, but everything looks very favorable."

He made up his mind to keep this church open so long as the people were satisfied to have him preach and would contribute the small amount needed to pay organist, singers, etc. He had no salary; and the other expenses of the church were in large measure provided for by a fund.

For a while there was great uncertainty as to the future of Unitarianism in this locality. There were those who wished to erect a church at Coolidge's Corner. There were many who objected to the liturgy of Christ's Church, even in its abbreviated form.

None of these things disturbed Dr. Bradlee. He preached to those who cared to hear him and who, with him, hoped for a future for Christ's Church, whatever their number might be.

He was delighted with the church edifice and its location. He sympathized entirely with the broad spirit out of which the church was established. He was not wholly pleased with the ritual, although, as he used it in part from Sunday to Sunday, he found it less objectionable from a personal point of view. His religious nature was too spontaneous and impetuous to bear the restraint of any liturgy without some chafing; but he put aside his personal feeling, and urged his people to do so for the good of the cause they were trying to serve.

In October, 1893, a note was sent to many in the vicinity of the church, in which it was said: —

> There are many in our midst who feel a strong interest in the hope of establishing a Unitarian society in this locality; and it seems a great pity that for the want of the small amounts necessary we should not hold together in a purpose and service already promising and that may result eventually in a strong society.
>
> Our earnest leader, the Rev. C. D. Bradlee, D.D., gives his time and energies free; but, while the trustees of Christ's Church give the use of the edifice, it should be generally understood there is no fund from which to pay the weekly expenses of music, sexton, etc.

Dr. Bradlee saw to it that the expenses were paid every Sunday, and did not mean that the services should continue beyond the point where the debts could be fully paid.

The work was carried on during the seasons of 1893–94 and 1894–95 without any great variation of members or interest.

In December, 1893, Dr. Bradlee published his second volume of sermons, "Sermons for the Church." This volume was well received, and was soon out of print, as only a limited edition was published.

A few commendations of the volume are given here: —

[From Publisher's Department of the *Christian Register*.]

Full to overflowing with the spirit of love and with desire for humanity's uplifting, this volume will carry much of help and comfort to many readers. The sermons are for the encouragement of men and women in the religious and the devotional life. They are also a call to religious activity. The book has many a stirring note.

[From the *Unitarian*.]

Broad, inclusive, liberal sermons. It is a privileged community that is familiar from Sunday to Sunday with such clear treatment of noble themes.

[From *Unity*.]

Twenty-five sermons, practical rather than doctrinal. The ethical and spiritual elements so predominate in these sermons as to give them real value. The sermons are wholesome and helpful.

[From the *Pacific Unitarian*.]

The tone is persuasive, appealing to the heart and conscience. The sermons are undenominational.

[From *Every Other Sunday*.]

It is a volume that continues the excellent reputation of the author obtained through his previous publication, "Sermons for All Sects." Each one of the sermons is straightforward, earnest,

and deeply religious. The theological attitude which he takes is very fraternal with all the sects of Christendom. It has been his aim to always emphasize the unities which underlie the different outgrowths of Christian belief. From these principal chords he evokes the music of his good will, warning, comfort, and spiritual wisdom.

[From the *Commonwealth*.]

The discourses are so entirely unsectarian, so free from doctrinal discussion, that the greater part of them might be preached, without scarcely an alteration, from any Christian pulpit. Liberal they certainly are, and optimistic in their general tone. Members of any denomination may read this book with pleasure and profit.

[From the *Rochester Herald*.]

They are scholarly essays, and marked by a keen analysis of certain passages in the Holy Scriptures. Their literary style is excellent, yet they are so simply constructed that a child can understand them. One does not see here a disposition to use the lash, but rather an inclination to attract the reader to the standard of Christ.

[From the Rev. GEORGE E. ELLIS, D.D., LL.D.]

I derived from the perusal of the volume deep satisfaction.

You have been content to address human folk living on the earth, and to draw for them lessons from the communicative hearers spoken to hearts capable of giving responses to them.

I think that both pundits and the common run of plain people cannot fail to find quickening, guidance, and edification from your instructions.

[From the Rev. E. E. HALE, D.D., Pastor of South Congregational Church, Boston.]

I look forward to great pleasure in reading the sermons.

I do not know that I ever told you that your other volume of sermons was the only book of that kind which I ever read through at a sitting.

[From the Rev. D. M. WILSON, Superintendent of New England Churches.]

Great and practical thoughts in plain and vigorous language. The note of an undoubting faith strikes clear in every sermon.

To all in the "Church Universal," with whom and in whom there is one true spirit and one spiritual life, these sermons will prove efficacious for instruction and inspiration.

The great event of the year 1894 for Dr. Bradlee was the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of his ordination, December 11.

The Boston Association had invited him to read a paper on his recollections of a ministry of forty years at the December meeting, which was to be held at his house December 10; but the date of this reading was changed to January 14, when the Association met with him. As the Boston Association meeting had been postponed, he decided to have a private celebration of the anniversary with some personal friends at his own house. It was a royal occasion.

This account is taken from the private note-book of one of the sixteen who were present at the entertainment: —

On Dec. 11, 1894, the 40th Anniversary of the Ordination of Caleb Davis Bradlee took place at 57 West Brookline Street, Boston, Mass. Tuesday,

1854. 40. 1894.

December 11.

At about five o'clock the following gentlemen met at 57 West Brookline Street, namely: Mr. Samuel B. Doggett, the Rev. Dr. Edward E. Hale, the Rev. John M. Marsters, the Rev. Dr. Rich-

mond Fisk, the Rev. Daniel M. Wilson, the Rev. Alfred Manchester, Mr. Fred. H. Nazro, Mr. Edwin T. Horne, Mr. Edwin J. Lewis, Jr., Mr. Samuel H. Babcock, Mr. Samuel T. Cobb, Mr. J. H. Fallon, Mr. Walter C. Smith, the Rev. James De Normandie, the Rev. Charles G. Ames.

Mr. Samuel B. Doggett spoke for the First Church, Boston, where C. D. Bradlee, when only seventeen years old, became a regular member and communicant. The Rev. Dr. Edward E. Hale spoke for the Hollis Street Church and for the Christian Unity Society; the Rev. John M. Marsters, for the Allen Street Church, North Cambridge, and for the college days of his friend; the Rev. Dr. Richmond Fisk for the East Boston Society; the Rev. Alfred Manchester, for the Boston School for the Ministry; the Rev. Daniel M. Wilson, for the Church of the Redeemer; Mr. Fred. H. Nazro, for the Christian Unity Society; Messrs. E. T. Horne and Edwin J. Lewis, Jr., for the Harrison Square Church; Messrs. Samuel H. Babcock and Samuel T. Cobb, for the Norfolk Street Church; Mr. J. H. Fallon, for Christ's Church, Longwood; the Rev. James De Normandie, for the Boston Association of Ministers.

At about 6.15 the guests partook of an ample supper, when two excellent poems were read, one of which was composed by the Rev. Dr. Edward E. Hale and one by the Rev. Alfred Manchester.

POEM BY DR. E. E. HALE.

Among the warnings of the word are those
  Which Moses, first of men,
Wrote of the cares and pains which follow close
  On threescore years and ten.

Man's strength is labor: sorrow is the meed
  He shall deplore
If by such strength of human life, indeed,
  He reach fourscore.

Little did Moses heed — nay, little know —
What life and love
May in the Fount of Truth eternal flow
Down from above.

At that eternal Fountain, freely given,
Our cheerful friend
Drinks every day another draught from heaven,
Draughts which shall never end.

Who drinks these waters as they freely flow,
Saviour of men,—
Waters that thou shalt give,— will never know
Of thirst again.

At boyhood's well-side where that Fountain flows
Fresh with eternal truth,
Our friend drinks deep; and so it is he knows
Perpetual youth.

Faster the race is run
As, one by one,
Our selfish handicaps away we fling:
Love works the miracle of Youth,
Love speaks the oracle of Truth,
And they who prove
The strength of Love
Grow younger, and more young
For forty years.

POEM BY THE REV. ALFRED MANCHESTER.

Hail, Brother, Teacher, constant Friend!
Now forty years are o'er,
Our voices we would gladly blend,
And blessings on thee pour.

Hail, memories sweet of vanished days,
When hope shone out afar,
While youth resolved in countless ways
To follow duty's star!

Hail, thought of years so nobly spent,
A life blessed from above,
While back to God each talent lent
Was given in filial love!

Hail, day of restful peace and light,
The fruit of labor past,
When life is crowned with honor bright,
Which evermore shall last!

Hail, other days on earth to be
With love and duties filled;
A soil that long we hope to see
For heavenly harvest tilled.

Hail! welcome,— casting out all fear
Before our Father's throne,—
The Master's judgment thou shalt hear
"Well done, thou faithful one."

The remarks that were made were touching, eloquent, and impressive.

The Rev. John M. Marsters referred to Dr. Bradlee's college days, and said that he heard the first sermon that his friend ever preached, at Hampton Falls, N.H.

Dr. Fisk mentioned the very friendly relations existing between Dr. Bradlee and the East Boston society.

The Rev. D. M. Wilson said that his first introduction to the ministry was when Dr. Bradlee was pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, and that to him he was indebted for the beginning of his interest in church work.

The Rev. Alfred Manchester mentioned that he commenced his studies for the ministry under Dr. Bradlee and other clergymen, who then were members of the Faculty of the Boston School for the Ministry.

Mr. Nazro mentioned the manly, generous, and lovely work that was done at the Christian Unity Society, when the one that they had met to honor was the pastor of the same; and he mentioned that the Christian Unity Society was the first institutional society that was established in Boston.

Messrs. Horne and Lewis tendered full expressions of love and respect in behalf of the Harrison Square Church, and mentioned that the real existence of that church was due to the efforts and the self-sacrificing spirit of the one of whom they were all speaking.

Mr. Babcock and Mr. Cobb said that the great prosperity of the church in Norfolk Street, and the real life of the same, was due to the two years' work freely given by the one who had built up the church at Harrison Square.

Dr. Hale mentioned his long fellowship and friendship with Dr. Bradlee, and also gave cordial testimony to the work that was done by his friend when he had the care of the Christian Unity Society.

Mr. John H. Fallon said that all the ministers had forgotten to mention one thing about the one whom they wished to honor, and that was his social spirit; and he referred to the large party of gentlemen that were the guests of Dr. Bradlee, at Bar Harbor, where all sorts of entertainments were given by the host, who seemed to be one with his party, and wanted everybody to have the fullest enjoyment possible.

Letters were read that were sent by Dr. Samuel H. Hurd, of New York, and by Rev. Samuel H. Winkley, of Boston.

Letters were received in reference to this anniversary from Dr. E. A. Carleton; John Ward Dean, Esq.; the Rev. Dr. William C. Winslow; Ex-Governor William E. Russell; the Hon. F. G. Adams, LL.D.; Miss Louisa Hewins; Mr. and Mrs. Fottler; the

Rev. Edward A. Horton; C. T. Deblois, Esq.; the Rev. Dr. Merrill E. Gates, President of Amherst College; Mrs. Martha Perry Lowe; the Rev. William H. Lyon; Lieutenant Governor Roger Wolcott; Mr. Samuel M. Tourtellot; Mr. Stephen H. Williams; the Rev. Charles T. Canfield; Miss Gertrude Haley; the Rev. Samuel W. Dike, LL.D.; the Hon. R. A. Brock, of Richmond, Va.; the Hon. Mark W. Sheafe, of Watertown, So. Dak.; President George L. Cary, of Meadville, Pa.; Miss I. E. Kelsey; the Misses Wiggin; and many others.

The Boston Association passed the following vote at its December meeting: —

In the fortieth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. Caleb D. Bradlee, D.D., who for two years has been moderator of this Association, we, its members, desire to express our hearty affection, admiration, and esteem for Dr. Bradlee, and the earnest hope that he may long be spared to our fellowship.

On Jan. 14, 1895, the following clergymen met at 57 West Brookline Street to congratulate Dr. Bradlee on the fortieth anniversary of his ordination, namely: Rev. Messrs. Alfred Manchester, Daniel M. Wilson, William H. Ramsay, C. F. Dole, William R. Lord, George H. Hosmer, J. H. Wiggin. Dr. P. M. Macdonald, Francis Tiffany, C. R. Eliot, F. W. Pratt, L. B. Macdonald, S. B. Cruft, John Cuckson, R. Fisk, D.D., William H. Lyon, J. Huxtable, Henry F. Jenks, A. E. Mullett, William Bradley, A. P. Putnam, D.D., S. W. Bush, James De Normandie, Charles G. Ames, Howard N. Brown, E. R. Butler, William S. Key, C. C. Carpenter, Thomas Van Ness, William H. Branigan, J. L. Seward, E. D. Towle, Edward E. Hale, D.D., F. B.

Mott, George D. Latimer, Charles Noyes, Joseph H. Allen, D.D., William O. White, S. W. Brooke, J. E. Bagley, N. P. Gilman, C. W. Park, M. J. Savage, C. F. Nicholson, and Mr. Parker B. Field.

At the meeting Dr. Bradlee read the exceedingly interesting paper on "Recollections of a Ministry of Forty Years," which has been printed and from which quotations have been made in this memoir. The paper was very kindly received, and in the discussion which followed remarks were made by Rev. Messrs. Brown, Cruft, Allen, White, Putnam, Hale, and Cuckson.

In the *Christian Register* of Dec. 13, 1894, was the following: —

We extend congratulations to Rev. Caleb Davis Bradlee, D.D., on the fortieth anniversary of his ordination to the ministry. Mr. Bradlee has given proof of that ministry by the devotion and generosity and unselfish service which he has brought to it. This event was appropriately recognized by his brethren of the Boston Association on Monday afternoon last.

The Boston *Commonwealth* of Dec. 15, 1894, said: —

The Rev. Dr. Bradlee, who, to every one's surprise, appears now as one of the seniors in his profession, entertained a company of friends on Tuesday evening, who met to congratulate him on his health and vigor on the fortieth anniversary of his ordination. On the 11th of December, 1854, Dr. Bradlee, then plain Mr. Caleb Davis Bradlee, was ordained as the minister of the church at North Cambridge. He is now in charge of the Church of Christ at Longwood, and for these forty years has been at work in all the best moral agencies, most successfully and honorably.

Two important events marked the year 1895 for Dr. Bradlee. On the 28th of May he entered his new home, "The Three Arches," on Fisher Avenue, Brookline, near the Chestnut Hill Reservoir. The large, new house had just been built specially for him; and he looked upon it, not simply as a comfortable home for the years to come, but as an elegant place in which to exercise that hospitality for which he was noted.

On the 12th of June, immediately following the entrance upon his new home, he, with the assistance of his friend, the Rev. James De Normandie, performed the service of marriage between his daughter, Miss Eliza Williams Bradlee, and Walter Clark Smith, Esq. The wedding took place in the library of the new home, and at the reception which followed the spacious house was filled with guests.

It was about this time that Dr. Bradlee had an interesting correspondence with the Rev. William Pigott, D.D., of England.

There were rumors of war between England and the United States. The following was contained in a letter received by Dr. Bradlee from Dr. Pigott:—

> On receipt of your letter concerning the strained relations twixt our countries, I read it to my congregation of a thousand people in Trinity Street Church, Gainsboro, all of whom fully appreciated your sentiment, and reciprocate warmest sympathy and support in your pacific policy.
>
> I was tempted to send your letter to the British press, but dare not venture without your sanction: nevertheless, have read it in the several churches over which I preside, and daily plead for peace as well as preach the subject of the angel song.

God bless you in your statesman-like attitude and truly Christian conduct concerning so grave a question as that threatening the mother and daughter nations.

Dr. Bradlee was deeply grieved by the death on the 13th of June, 1896, of his intimate friend, the Rev. Peter M. Macdonald, D.D., pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Boston.

In a note he says: "My friend, the Rev. Dr. Peter M. Macdonald, passed suddenly away. I was asked by the Rev. Dr. W. E. Archibald to make an address at his funeral. Being quite feeble, I was not able to accept the invitation; but I wrote the following note: —

"'*Dear Dr. Archibald,*— I have just received your postal card. I have been in my chamber all day, sick and feeble; and my family insist upon my going to the White Mountains early Thursday morning if I should be able to do so, as it is thought that a complete change will do me good. The news of the death of my intimate friend, Dr. Macdonald, reached me through the paper early this morning; and I have been so shocked that I have suffered all day. For about fifteen years we have been together in a very close and precious friendship. He was a loving, earnest, forgiving, self-sacrificing, charitable, pure-minded, and consecrated man, true to his friends, patient with all, large in mind, social in nature, at peace with all mankind; and he took into his fellowship the members of all churches who tried to be faithful disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. He always looked on the bright side, and his presence was a benediction.

"'I wish I could say all this on Thursday, and more; but will you say it for me, and will you and all the brethren assembled, and all the people who are present, be assured of my earnest and deep sympathy?

"'In your sadness,

"'Yours sincerely,

"'CALEB DAVIS BRADLEE."

Dr. Bradlee wrote the following poem, which was read at Dr. Macdonald's funeral: —

Gone home,—gone to a place of light!
Called quickly to his God!
Father, we know thou doest right,
But feel the heavy rod.

Thou knowest best, and yet we weep:
It is a fearful blow!
Shadows around the heart do creep:
O God, thy grace bestow.

The "Gates Ajar" may each one see,
And, as we look in love,
Behold the lost, by thy decree,
Enthroned in joy above.

He speaks to us, and bids us say,
"O God, thy will be done":
He'll lead us now, each hour and day,
To Christ, the holy one.

The year 1896 witnessed a great change in the condition of Christ's Church, Longwood. The desire of Dr. Bradlee's heart began to be realized. The friends who had loyally stood by their leader in the day of

small things were glad to share his joy when new families began to come in and the prospects for a strong church to be organized began to be bright.

The Rev. Minot J. Savage, D.D., left the Church of the Unity in Boston for New York in the autumn of 1896. Many of his people lived in Longwood, and a large number of them chose to go to the Longwood church.

Dr. Bradlee greatly rejoiced to see this prosperity in the church for which he had worked so earnestly, especially as he began to be in quite feeble health, and felt that some new man must be found to speak from the pulpit. To find a man who could afford to speak to very few would be difficult: to find a good pastor for a full church would be comparatively easy.

On the 25th of November, 1896, he made the following note: —

"I have notified the members of my society, Christ's Church, Longwood, that I must give up the charge of Christ's Church May 1, 1897. I am now so feeble that I find it very difficult to make calls; and as I shall be, in May, over sixty-six years old, and as my father gave up active work at sixty-six, and as I shall, in May, have been in the ministry forty-two years and a half, I think it is well for me to give up regular work. I don't intend to give up the ministry or preaching, but I only free myself from the care and responsibility of a parish."

His pulpit utterances at this time were full of the old-time vigor, and made a good impression on those who listened, as the following indicates: —

THE CHAPEL AT LONGWOOD.

To the Editor of the "Transcript":—

"So fight I, not as one who beateth the air."

These words of Scripture came with impressiveness and force from the lips of the Rev. C. D. Bradlee, a few Sundays since, in the pulpit of the old stone Sears Chapel, now known as the Second Unitarian Church of Brookline. This devoted captain and leader in the army of the Lord, after repeated successes in the establishment of "camps of instruction," has now crowned his labors by securely planting the banner of the cross upon the beautiful heights of Longwood. Here for some years past have gathered a faithful few, looking forward to the time when they should be re-enforced and strengthened by the coming in of others prompted to aid the good cause, and to establish for themselves a new church home. Detachments from the company lately led by the talented Savage (now transferred to another field) with others have united with the "forlorn hope" hitherto in possession, and an earnest, enthusiastic congregation is the result. The bounds of this "camp" are wide, with ample accommodations; and a cordial welcome awaits those who feel impelled to send the message, "Hold the fort, for I am coming."

ERNEST.

LONGWOOD, January 3.

In January, 1897, Dr. Bradlee was elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of William and Mary College.

On the 5th of February, 1897, his lifelong friend, Samuel H. Hurd, M.D., died. Dr. Bradlee was much affected by this event. He wrote thus:—

"When one passes away from earth who has made his life bright for himself and for others, who never looked on the dark side, whose smile of welcome and

words of cheer filled the heart of those that met him with joy and peace, it seems a privilege as well as a duty to consecrate his memory by a few words of love and gratitude. He who can no longer speak for himself, and who has made every one happy, should have some one to speak and call him blessed. Dr. Hurd's bright spirit, his pure character, and his keen knowledge of human nature drew to him a large number of friends who deeply regretted his removal."

After January 1 Dr. Bradlee preached but seldom in the pulpit of Christ's Church, although for a part of the time he read the service. Men were heard who might be candidates for settlement after May 1. It was understood that the last Sunday in April would be Dr. Bradlee's farewell Sunday, and that he would preach on that day. Meantime, in a letter to some officer of the society, he wrote: —

"I take opportunity to express my gratitude to the committee and to the society for the loyalty and the affection that have been a blessing to me during the whole four years of my pastorship. Not only have all the members of the society who have been with me from the commencement of my work in April, 1893, been courteous and faithful, but also the new members who have come to us during the past few months have given to me a fellowship that has been very precious and comforting; and, as I am obliged to retire from my charge on account of feeble health and advancing age, I shall carry with me a constant remembrance of the favors that I have received."

Many letters came to him regreting his resignation on account of ill-health.

The Rev. Charles G. Ames, D.D., wrote:—

The papers speak of your resignation and ill-health, for both of which I am sorrowful. But your afternoon of life will not be uncheered by the faith you have taught to others, and you may depend on the steady and strong sympathy of the brotherhood. Best of all, "The Jehovah is round about, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

A prominent man in Christ's Church wrote, expressing his appreciation of Dr. Bradlee's work,—

Which has kindled into existence a flourishing Unitarian organization in our vicinity, at the very threshold of our home, a society which without doubt is eventually to become a prominent and a strong one, and which will do its part and shoulder its burden in local and in denominational work. . . . I sincerely regret the bodily infirmities which require you to officially sever your connection with our society, and trust you may be spared to us as a friend and companion for many years.

Another writes:—

You will feel relieved at the cessation of care, and rejoice, too, that your labor has at length produced so good a result. The prospect at times must have been very discouraging, but you can at length feel that "patience has had her perfect work." Our audiences maintain an even interest, and show sure gains as to attendance. If we succeed in calling to our help some man who shall show the zeal which you have manifested, our prosperity is secured.

Another writes:—

Permit me to express to you my personal regret at the necessity which you feel compels you to sever your intimate and active

connection with our society, and likewise to extend to you my most sincere and cordial thanks for your unabated interest and energy in the work which you have ever manifested, with such an evident confidence in the ultimate success of your endeavors. Without these factors, I feel that the nucleus of our present very promising society would long ago have been dissipated.

During March and April, 1897, Dr. Bradlee went from home but little. The exhaustion which followed special services indicated that he was not as strong as formerly. During his life in the new house at Brookline he accustomed himself to more activity in the open air than usual, taking quite long walks in the vicinity of his home. Now even short walks wearied him, and he shrank from any out-of-door exercise.

The last Sunday in April, the twenty-fifth day of the month, proved to be very beautiful. It was the last day of his pulpit work at Christ's Church. The audience was large and full of enthusiasm. Dr. Bradlee was radiant with the sense of prosperity for the church and the thought of his freedom from the burden of its care.

As he entered the pulpit, the wide door of the church was open; and the sweet spring air and the song of birds filled the sacred edifice. He preached with wonderful power, laying proper emphasis upon the past, present, and future of the church.

He wrote to a friend that, when he closed the service, the people crowded about him, and gave him a perfect ovation. The day, the occasion, the tender relation between pastor and people, the great hope for the future, the presence of hosts of friends from the

various churches that he had served, all combined to put a crown of glory upon the head of the good man who stood at the close of a ministry of forty-two years and a half.

The following account of the occasion is from the Boston *Herald* of April 26:—

The end of a long, useful, and successful ministry came yesterday morning, when the Rev. Caleb D. Bradlee, D.D., delivered his farewell sermon to the Second Unitarian Society in Christ's Church, Brookline. Ill-health and advanced age compel a much-needed rest, and he leaves his charge in the hands of a strong and flourishing organization. The most cordial expression of friendship and the good wishes of the congregation went with him. Dr. Bradlee, however, proposes to retain connection with the society; and it will be his church home.

A short history of this church, which closes its doors to no Christian denomination, is timely. In 1860 the Hon. David Sears conceived the idea of building a church for any and all Christian religions, and in 1862 the present beautiful building on Colchester Street was completed. The only provision made was that a part of the church liturgy be adopted; and even that was left to the will of the worshipping society, which left almost absolute freedom, as the word "amen" would be sufficient.

The idea of the founder was a union of all Christian churches. A fund was kept by Mr. Sears for the care of the building and grounds, and even the sexton's salary was provided for in the will.

Prior to 1893, when Dr. Bradlee, at the solicitation of three families, organized the society, the church was closed for a number of years. The establishment of this society through the efforts of Dr. Bradlee is the culminating work in a long and useful career. The little church family of seven grew, until now a large and enthusiastic congregation nearly fills the structure.

The Brookline church was well filled yesterday morning with a

congregation which fully appreciated Dr. Bradlee's labors for them, and the great results attained. He gave as his text the words in 1 Cor. iii. 6,— "God gave the increase." The perfection of this world, said the preacher, is not brought about by any one great person or by a single age, but by the multitude giving of their best through many generations. All contribute to the great result. Every thread counts in the great warp and woof. Knowing this, we should do our work bravely and patiently, leaving to God the result. Let us be glad to take our part in any work which falls to us. Only let us lay the foundations so well that nothing shall give way.

The results are God's, not ours. Coming to our own church, how could our increase be so remarkable unless God had brought about this great result? Human methods were used, but all through them and through all our best efforts flowed the guiding spirit of God. As far as human events are concerned, we may say it was brought about by the migration of a large number of families to this part of Brookline, or that the foundations were laid strongly by families who had lived here for many years, and who were glad to have a liberal church in this neighborhood. But we see that God was working with us all the time.

In 1893 a few families began to attend services in this church, determined to stay here until the increase came. They held on bravely for years. Stoutly they kept the post, until all at once the relief came; and a solid phalanx of loving and loyal people joined the movement, and made the church a permanent organization. Thus have we grown into health and prosperity, and I have been enabled to stay with you until a church successful beyond my anticipations worships here. And now you have my best wishes for your continued prosperity.

I cannot close without thanking you all for your great kindness to me. The remembrance of that will be a choice benediction to me the remaining years of my life. Although on account of my feeble health and failing strength I am obliged officially to sever my relations with you, yet I hope that nothing in the future will

break the friendship and fellowship which has been so close, tender, and beautiful.

The Boston *Journal* said: —

DR. BRADLEE'S PARTING.

A long, useful, and successful ministry was brought to a close yesterday in Christ's Church, Brookline, when to the Second Unitarian Society the Rev. Caleb Davis Bradlee, D.D., preached his parting sermon.

The text was, "God gave the increase." He said, in speaking of the church: "In 1893 a few faithful families began to attend this church, with the determination to remain till others came to help; and nearly all have held on bravely, holding the fort, till all at once, last October, the relief came, and a solid phalanx of living children of God marched into the pews, and said, 'We have come to stay,' so that, with nearly thirty families of the old members and a large number of recruits, we have grown up into health and prosperity, and I have been able to keep my pledge that I would stay with my people till solid success should crown my efforts."

The sermon preached on this occasion is here given:

GOD'S HELPING HAND.

"God gave the increase."— 1 COR. iii. 6.

The perfection of this world is not brought about by one person or by one age or by any one set of circumstances; for perfection is the result of the efforts of many people throughout many centuries, and by the aid of circumstances the most diverse, exciting, and strange.

Every one of us contributes a part toward the grand result, and a small part at the best; and yet every thread counts, so that, if any one thread should be left out, the carpet of existence will be incomplete, rough, and unattractive.

Some, like the apostle Paul, are chosen as planters of the truth; and their mission is to sow the seeds of reality broadcast over the land, leaving the care of the soil to others.

Clear thinkers are to give forth their ideas, sparkling, burning, and glorious; and it is their duty to open the prison doors of these surging, rioting, and overwhelming thoughts, letting them, like Noah's dove, seek a resting-place on the soil of some waiting soul. They must let these airy messengers go forth with mercy and with healing on their wings. They must let them startle the earth, rouse curiosity, sharpen reason, stir up judgment, sanctify affection. Yes, they must let them go forth. Although at times they must march along, unshaped, unsightly, and rough-hewn out of the quarry of the brain, still they must trust them on their uncertain journey to the unceasing mercy of Almighty God.

If our mission be simply that of a planter, let us not be anxious about living to see results; and let us leave issues to a higher Power, being very careful to do our work bravely, enthusiastically, and religiously. All through history we shall find those who only scattered the seed, and right earnest people they were. Columbus, in whose capacious brain a whole continent seethed, died long before the rich blossoming of his

ideas was detected. And he simply prepared the way for the grand revelation of to-day, and by the magic touch of his thoughts converted a wilderness into a garden. And Luther simply began the Reformation; for he had no idea that by his doctrine of religious liberty he was sending a message throughout the whole world that would bear fruit forever and ever. And Lincoln, when he sent forth the proclamation for freedom, could not have known how his electric words would send a shock throughout the world, and make all tyrants tremble. And so we might go on citing myriads of examples of those whose lives were consecrated simply to the starting of truth, and who left the soil richly sown for others to cultivate.

Look at our Master, and do we not behold a wonderful, a touching, and a brilliant example of this pungent truth? He came simply to drop a few thoughts into barren places, seed-truths, apparently very simple, very modestly delivered, seemingly guarded by nothing that promised perpetuity; and he left them to their fate. And a hard fate it was to all human appearances; for their Author was punished as an outlaw upon the cross, and the few who were in any ways inclined to favor his ideas were despised, down-trodden, and scattered.

The literature of the day, the politics of the day, the policy of the day, and the religion of the day, all these and all powerful influences were against the teachings of Jesus. And yet they lived, they grew, they grew strong; and then they swept the world into complete vassalage, and brought all the corners of the earth into

holy submission. They lived, although tyrants stormed, sceptics derided, and sin in all shapes opposed. Saint Paul was one who planted. He was a great traveller, and wherever he went he scattered his seed-truths. In Jerusalem and in Antioch, in Arabia, in Rome, in Spain, and, as some think, in England, he left the mark of his sacred presence. And he was satisfied with this work, hard, unpromising, and tedious as it appeared, and even though he knew that the fruits would fall into the keeping of other souls. Yes: he was glad thus to lessen the labors of successors and happy to prepare the way for their coming, for he had no foolish pride about gathering up his own harvest; and, as long as the harvest would come, that was all for which he cared, and then he was willing to go home to God, leaving the earthly honors for such as the Father might appoint. So, my friends, it should be with all of us who are simply ordered to begin a work.

Let us not be dissatisfied that we leave the work before its full completion, and let us be glad that God has given to us any part in the great plan of life to fill; and, although we only build the foundation, let us do that so gratefully, so thoroughly, and so beautifully that it shall never give way. When a great many years ago it was announced that a leading light and a kingly soul, on the Pacific Coast, had gone out, and passed on, many of us felt that the call was almost untimely. Just as a new church was built, a new organ was purchased, fresh plans of charitable organizations were formed, and just as the church was beginning to be stalwart, and just as the roses were commencing to

bloom in their gorgeous beauty, and as the fragrance of a noble success was established, just then the light went out. But the departure was not untimely, for that young prophet filled out the full measure of his calling; and, although others enjoyed the splendors of his achievements, and plucked the most exquisite bouquets out of the garden of his faithful efforts, yet the honors, the rewards, and the compensations were really his, while no death of the body can take them away from him. But, while some must plant, there are others who, like Apollos, must nourish the planting. The seed must be nourished as well as sown; ideas must be received and spread, as well as born; truth needs friends as well as a father; and so people are needed who, although not the starters of thought or work, are yet gentle, generous, persistent, and courageous enough to take it up at the proper time, and are glad to give it protection, publicity, and power. For the audience is as important as the actor, the applause is as much needed as the oration, and the spoken word must have some enthusiastic admirers and promulgators, who are not afraid of ridicule or abuse, and who can stand all sorts of opposition, shame, and trouble.

Christianity is good; and yet Christianity without the twelve disciples and without their successors, without a church and without any believers, of course would be a long while reaching its full power, beauty, and glory.

A thing may be very good in itself, and yet perfectly inoperative, because nobody seems willing to acknowl-

edge its goodness, to cherish its power, and to publish its splendor.

Let not, then, those who take up a work that is already begun be despised; for without them all the early efforts would be in vain. Saint Paul might plant forever; but, without an Apollos to help him, his harvest would be meagre, inoperative, crushed.

It is said that there are but very few who are willing to begin a work, but that many are glad to take up a work or a thought that is well started, and that our great orators, our renowned preachers, and our distinquished scholars are simply copyists, unconscious, it may be, but still none the less photographs, strong or weak, of Demosthenes, of Cicero, and of all the eloquent ones of past ages. But suppose that this be really so: we are none the worse off on this account; and, in fact, we are all the better off, for, in this way, all the wisdom of the past ages is beautifully condensed into the teachings of the present.

Why do we allow our scholars of to-day freedom from the active employments of life, and the gift of seclusion in their studies, if it be not that they may ponder over the works and the words of other days, and thus gain strength for the present hour?

We certainly do not merely say to these students, Make new thoughts, and strike out a fire such as never before has been seen. If so, we simply demand an impossibility, while the result will be not sense, but nonsense; for, if we want an Apollos to do the work of a Paul, we are craving an impossibility.

"God gives the increase." Planting and nourishing

amount to absolutely nothing unless Almighty God gives the incerase; and great thinkers may think forever brilliant, bursting, and comprehensive thoughts, and mighty appreciators of thought may catch up these startling ideas, appropriate them, and publish them, beautifully, adroitly, and eloquently, with fascination, and with unction, but all to no possible purpose, unless Almighty God gives the increase. For results are God's, not ours; and the seed will rot in the ground, and all our ploughing, all our manuring, and all our culturing will be of no possible avail, and there will be no rich harvest, and no ripened corn, unless the breath of the Almighty shall so order it.

The breath of the Almighty! On this depends life or death, success or failure, joy or sorrow. We are to do our part, and we are to be instant, in season and out of season; but issues we must very beautifully, very patiently, and very gloriously commend to the Infinite Will.

Issues! Why, we have nothing whatsoever to do with them, for they do not come within the circumference of our duty; and our anxiety must be wholly for the present, our toil must be this day, and our prayer for a better, a holier, and a more useful life now, for the harvest will take care of itself.

"God gives the increase." Let this truth be borne always in mind, and then will expectation be curbed, arrogance be chilled, disappointment disappear, and our days will be more calm, our energy more persistent, our work more attractive, our whole existence more brilliant, suggestive, and holy; and we shall see

how near heaven and earth approach to each other, and how the human borders upon the divine.

But what is the increase that is given?

Perhaps the definition of heaven will differ very much from ours, for we might call a result an entire failure when the angels would label the same as a grand success, or we might imagine that we had gained a joyful harvest when celestial spirits would be mourning the thorough blight of our prospects; for the arithmetic of the Eternal Kingdom seems to differ very greatly from our poor calculations. We weigh deeds, but God weighs motives; and many persons have seemed to our frail judgment to have lived on the earth to no possible purpose, and, when their departure comes, we are rather glad that they are relieved from the ennui of life. And we call them dreamers, schemers, idealists, and impracticable men or women; but it may be that in the other world they stand high as saints, because they have let fall, whilst sojourning upon the earth, some truth that will germinate, expand, blossom, bear fruit, and prove a glory, a power, and a benediction to the children of men. My friends, we cannot tell whether we have gained a harvest or not; and, whilst many of us think that we live to no purpose, we may be exerting an influence the vast consequences of which no eternity can ever exhaust. We may all of us, and we do all of us, have our morbid seasons, when we think that God made a mistake in creating us, when we say that our little life is a very poor contribution to the world's benefit, and when we exclaim that out of us can be gathered no fragrance, no flowers, and no fruit.

But I never yet have seen a person, however bad, whom somebody did not love; and, if we can only make somebody love us, we are living for a grand purpose. Let us remember also that very frequently those who are the most sensitive, the most depressed, and the most cast down, are the very ones who are living to a great purpose, whom large numbers respect, and whose good words and works are so numerous as to be past human counting. Often our widest influence for good is, on our part, entirely unconscious.

We speak a cheering word to some one in despair; and it proves a grace, a glory, and a salvation.

We give timely aid to some poverty-stricken brother or sister, whilst from that very moment their manhood or their womanhood begins. Our opinion is asked on some complicated point of morals, and we give it without any thought as to the result; and it may be that we have saved many souls from death, and have added spiritual jewels to God's holy diadem.

Let us, then, never complain of uselessness until God has shown to us the whole plan of our life, a list of our thoughts, looks, habits, words, and deeds, and a list also of the persons that have been helped by them, directly or remotely; and not till then shall we be able to judge.

"God gives the increase." These words of the apostle Paul would never have been uttered, had not his Master and our Master illuminated his soul; for it is only through the Son of God that we obtain a sure knowledge of the Father.

Oh, how beautifully he portrays the Eternal One, and how he proves to us God's benignant goodness,

untiring tenderness, and comprehensive love! If we know the great Teacher in the least, and if we have understood his character, have been bathed in his spirit, have been permeated by his precepts, have beheld his cross, and have felt his presence, we are well aware; and we cannot help believing that "God gives the increase."

But, to come to our own church to-day, how could our increase be so great except the good Father of us all had in many ways brought about the grand result? Human means of course were used; but underneath those means, all through them and glorifying them, ought to be traced the hand of God.

Of course, we can give merely human reasons for our strength. We can say that it was brought about by the migration of a large number of families to Brookline, who by accident have found this church open and a welcome ready; or by the resignation of a beloved and an honored pastor of one of the Boston churches, so that many of his disciples living in Brookline wanted a church home, and selected our church as a home; or by the sudden resolve of many families who had made no choice of a place of worship, but who felt that the time had come for a choice, and joined us lovingly and gladly. Yes: we can give many reasons for this new life of ours; but let us never forget that there has been a higher Power working all the time.

In 1893 a few faithful families began to attend service in this church, with the determination to remain here until others came to help; and nearly all have held on bravely for years, — God bless them! — holding the

fort, till all at once, last October, the relief came, and a solid phalanx of loving children of God marched into the pews, and said in cheering words, "We have come to stay." So that with the nearly thirty families of the old members, and with the large number of recruits, we have gone up into health and prosperity; and I have been enabled to keep my pledge, that I would stay with my people till a solid success should crown my efforts.

It is now predicted by some of the wisest thinkers that this society will become one of the strongest in our denomination; and, certainly, this prophecy must, in a very short time, become an actual fact, if your growth should be as rapid as it has been during the last six months, if you should all be bound together, as you are to-day, in the holiest friendship and fellowship, and if, in the choice of the one who is to take my place, you are able to find a man who will devote his life to your service, who will count no sacrifice too great, provided it be made in your behalf, and who will give his whole soul and strength to the people under his charge.

As my successor has not yet been chosen, you will pardon me, I know, if I should speak with freedom in regard to your choice.

Do not select a man merely because a great many people tell you that he is the right person for the place, or because he has a very pleasing appearance and many attractive gifts, or because he has been very successful as an organizer of other churches, or because he has had a very great experience, or because he is a young man or an old man or in mid-life, or because he is a

distinguished orator and will draw crowds of people to hear him; but select your man, *first* and *mainly*, because he is upright, straightforward, earnest, devotional, a child of God, a disciple of the Great Teacher, and full of the spirit of righteousness. Then all the other gifts that I have mentioned, added to this one holy gift of perfect consecration, will give you a leader who will stay with you for years, and who will, before two years have passed away, call into this church such a large number of people that every seat will be taken, and all hearts will be filled with joy, peace, and gratitude.

You have my best wishes for your solid and holy success. I cannot close without thanking you all for your great kindness to me, and thanking especially one person, who says that his name must never be known during his life, who has given me his hearty sympathy and large financial help during all the years that I have been your pastor, and who promised the same as long as I continued to hold service in this church. Yes, I thank him, and I thank you all, over and over again, for your increasing loyalty and devotion, the remembrance of which will be a choice benediction to me all the remaining years of my life; and although, on account of my feeble health and failing strength, I am obliged officially to part from you, I hope that nothing whatsoever in the future will break the friendship and the fellowship that has been so close, so tender, and so beautiful.

Almighty God, through his dear Son, bless you, one and all!

It was the intention of the committee of the church to have the parish elect Dr. Bradlee pastor emeritus of the society.

The following notice was sent to each member of the society, which was called the Second Unitarian Society in Brookline: —

To the Members of the Second Unitarian Society in Brookline:

You are requested to assemble in the church immediately after the service on Sunday, May 2, 1897, to take appropriate action on the retirement of Dr. Bradlee from the pastorate of this society, and the proposition to elect him pastor emeritus of the society.

Per order of the Prudential Committee.

GEO. P. FURBER, *Clerk.*

APRIL 26, 1897.

This proposition was known to Dr. Bradlee, and was a source of great joy to him. It had been his wish that, when the end of his ministry came, it might be his fortune to sustain the relation of pastor emeritus to the last society over which he had been settled.

The day appointed for the conferring of this honor was one day too late. When it arrived, he was gone to the heavenly home. The end of his Longwood pastorate was the end of his earthly ministry.

IX.

CLOSING DAYS.

FUNERAL SERVICE. RESOLUTIONS AND PERSONAL TRIBUTES OF LOVE AND HONOR.

IX.

CLOSING DAYS.

DR. BRADLEE'S service at Longwood was at a close on the 1st of May, 1897. Members of his family and his many friends were glad with him that the end of this pastorate had been so glorious, and hoped that the twilight of his life would be long and peaceful. He rejoiced in the thought of freedom from parish cares, and looked forward to a period of rest.

He could not be inactive, and, as was usual with him in times of semi-retirement, was already planning services for others. He was to preach in Salem one Sunday in May as a "labor of love" for his friend, Rev. Alfred Manchester, at the Barton Square Church, and was to officiate in the same church on the 2d of June at the wedding of his namesake, Miss Ethel Bradlee Manchester, and Mr. Frank S. Perkins. He was arranging a meeting of the Harvard Divinity Unitarian Club at his house.

On Sunday, May 2, he was to christen his little grandchild, Helen Gay Smith, who was born Dec. 14, 1896, and to whom he was much attached. The service was to be at his house, and several members of the family were to be present.

All of the above engagements were very pleasant ones to him.

On Saturday, May 1, he was to officiate at a funeral in the church at Longwood, previous to which he expected to go to Boston.

He arose and went to his breakfast as usual on Saturday morning, but, after the meal was over, complained of a distress across his chest. The trouble did not yield to simple remedies; and a physician was called, who said it was an attack of indigestion, and recommended a day in bed. Dr. Lyon, of Brookline, kindly took charge of the service at the church; and the patient kept quiet. He seemed tired and exhausted throughout the day. The evening paper was read to him; and at six o'clock, after having experienced a severe attack of nausea, he was resting so quietly that the family went to dinner, leaving him in the care of an attendant. A change in his breathing alarmed the attendant; and hardly was the serving of dinner commenced before the family were summoned, only to see him breathe his last. Without a struggle, he passed into the heavenly life. All the members of the family witnessed his peaceful departure.

The physician pronounced the cause of death to be heart failure.

It did not seem possible that the change had come.

The sad news was at once sent to all who had expected to be present on the morrow to take part in the happy occasion of the christening service.

All were sadly shocked at the unexpected news. No one had dreamed that the very day of his release from parish care was to be the day of his translation.

The next day was very stormy. The scene at Long-

wood church was a great contrast to that of the previous Sunday. A small congregation gathered. A sense of personal loss was over all. Rev. Edward D. Towle, of Salem, a personal friend of Dr. Bradlee, who was afterward called to succeed him in Longwood church, occupied the pulpit. He referred most gracefully and tenderly to the beloved minister who but yesterday had ceased to be pastor of the church.

The meeting which was to have passed a resolution making Dr. Bradlee pastor emeritus of the Second Unitarian Church, Longwood, Brookline, voted resolutions of respect and loving sympathy be prepared by the Prudential Committee.

FUNERAL SERVICE.

The funeral services were held on Wednesday, May 5.

A brief service was held at the family residence.

The public services were at 2 P.M., at Longwood church, and were conducted by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., and Rev. James De Normandie.

The church was beautifully adorned with flowers and growing palms by the ladies of the society. The service was simple and beautiful.

Dr. Hale pronounced the eulogy, saying in part: —

We are together as so many friends, each to testify to the love, respect, and the reverence with which we regarded him; but we must not forget the thousands of others who so esteem him. No one has been taken from us who could call together from so

wide ranges of life so many testimonies of love, respect, and regard as Dr. Bradlee could. From his earliest life he was possessed of a determination to give himself singly and absolutely to the great work. This he did, despite his tastes for history, scientific investigation, etc. Through his all-pervading determination that Christ should reign in the world, he gained a curious breadth in catholicity.

Dr. Hale expressed himself as having known Dr. Bradlee since boyhood, and commented upon the fact that he had never met him once in the thousands of times which they were together that this master-work did not assert itself.

He had the gift of organization, the happy faculty of bringing all sorts of people together. He liked to go into difficult positions to organize a church, and then at the end of several years to relinquish his successful society to his successor, and seek other fields of organization.

His life gave glory and majesty to the grand old conception of the ministry. His single determination was that he would live for others and for the glory of the kingdom of God.

Miss Florence Woods rendered "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" and "God shall wipe away All Tears."

The services closed with the singing of "Nearer, my God, to thee," by the congregation.

The pall-bearers were the Hon. William C. Williamson and Henry C. Denny, representing the Class of '52, Harvard; the Rev. Alfred Manchester, of Salem, representing Unitarian ministers; the Rev. D. M. Wilson, representing the Boston Association of Ministers;

George S. Burton, Charles A. Brown, George Pierce, and Dr. William E. Boardman, representing the Second Unitarian Society of Brookline. The ushers were Messrs. Frederick J. Smith and L. Wild Smith.

The interment was in the family lot at Mt. Auburn. The committal service there was read by the Rev. Alfred Manchester.

The *Christian Register* of May 5, 1897, had the following article: —

Caleb Davis Bradlee.

The Rev. Caleb Davis Bradlee died suddenly at his own home on Saturday evening. With a certain forecast, as it would seem, he had preached, only on the last Sunday before, his farewell sermon to the congregation at Christ Church. One wishes that in the last week he could have heard all the words of gratitude and sympathy which spoke of that sermon; and we cannot but believe that the lessons it enforces and the encouragement it gives will have worth all their own, now that we all know that we are not to hear his voice again.

Dr. Bradlee has had a peculiar place among our clergy, because he had a gift which is only too rare. He had a singular power for the organization of churches,—for bringing people together, and binding them together for their own religious growth and for the good of others. In the first place, he believed in churches and their work through and through; and by ways unknown to some men, one would say, he made other people believe in churches. If you heard that Dr. Bradlee had expressed a willingness to take any new enterprise in hand, you knew it would succeed.

Dr. Bradlee has associated himself with the grateful memory of many other churches. The Allen Street Congregational Church of Cambridge; the Church of Our Father, East Boston;

the Church of the Redeemer, Boston; the Christian Unity Society, Boston; the church at Harrison Square; the Norfolk Street Church, Dorchester,— all of them have been indebted to his fostering care. For the last two or three years he has been preaching at Christ Church in Longwood, and, as has been said, had the great satisfaction of addressing that united and prosperous congregation on the Sunday before his death. When he saw that a congregation was on its feet, and was able to provide for itself as an established congregation should, Dr. Bradlee would withdraw, would find other fields for his self-sacrificing effort, and would add another leaf to his laurels.

Dr. Bradlee was a cordial and liberal assistant in the best works of charity which go to the bringing in of better life. He had great business ability, and it was always fortunate if he could be enlisted on a board of directors for work, however monotonous: you were sure that that work would be well done. He was a careful student, and took especial interest in the fortunes and history of the Unitarian movement. A volume of sermons, which he published not long since, shows very clearly the power by which he held congregations together and enlarged them. There is not a more "readable" book of sermons among those which have been published in the last fifty years. He interests the hearer or the reader, and is not tempted by any temporary interest to speak upon petty subjects.

Dr. Bradlee inherited from his father an independent fortune; but he dedicated his life, all the same, to the service of the church, in that communion in which his conscience and faith made him so important a workman. For the important service which he had rendered to our communion in a hundred ways we have all reason to be grateful.

RESOLUTIONS.

Out of the great number of resolutions and other tributes of love and honor received by the family of Dr. Bradlee from societies and individuals, a few have been selected, and are here given: —

[Second Unitarian Society, Brookline.]

At a stated meeting of the Prudential Committee of the Second Unitarian Society in Brookline, held April 12, 1897, it was unanimously voted that the following resolutions be made a matter of record, and that a copy of them be sent to the Rev. Caleb Davis Bradlee, D.D.:

Resolved, In accepting the resignation of the Rev. Caleb D. Bradlee, the members of the Prudential Committee in behalf of the society express their sincere regret that impaired health has compelled him to relinquish his active connection with us as pastor, and their appreciation of and deep sense of gratitude for his zealous, untiring, and gratuitous labors during four years in his endeavor to bring together and organize our society.

Resolved, That, in recalling these labors on his part, and the well-recognized obstacles and difficulties which have been met and overcome, we realize that the present satisfactory condition of our society, and its apparent promise of increasing prosperity and usefulness, are due in large measure to his wise and helpful counsels and guidance, to the cordial invitation and welcome which he has invariably extended to all, to the spirit of cordiality which he has inspired and cultivated so assiduously in our relations one to another, and to his unabated confidence and belief in the ultimate success of our united efforts to complete an efficient organization for the purpose of Christian fellowship and worship.

Resolved, That, in recognition of his valuable services and to

give permanent expression to our esteem for him, we, the Prudential Committee, do recommend that he be invited to become pastor emeritus of the society.

GEORGE S. BURTON, *Chairman.*

(Signed)

W. E. BOARDMAN.	CHARLES A. BROWN.
CHARLES W. HOLDEN.	GEORGE PEIRCE.
CLARENCE W. JONES.	ISABEL L. WILLIAMS.
ELIZABETH G. PHINNEY.	DARA H. DOANE.
REBECCA FALES PEIRCE.	GEORGE P. FURBER, *Clerk.*

The following letter accompanied these resolutions:

12 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON,
May 2, 1897.

MRS. C. D. BRADLEE, Fisher Avenue, Brookline, Mass.:

Dear Madam,— The enclosed resolutions were adopted by the Prudential Committee at its last meeting; and it was the intention of the committee to have them indorsed by the society to-day, and then forward them with that indorsement to Dr. Bradlee. We all feel the keenest disappointment and regret that the resolutions should not have reached his hand with the indorsement intended.

I have thought it best, however, to send them to you in the hope that it will be some comfort to his family to receive this expression of the appreciation and regard in which Dr. Bradlee was held by all of us, both those who have been with him in the last four years of his pastorate and those who have more recently joined the society. Very respectfully,

GEORGE P. FURBER, *Clerk.*

[Second Unitarian Society, Brookline.]

The following resolutions were sent to the family of Dr. Bradlee:—

In conforming with the vote of the Second Unitarian Society in Brookline, passed at the meeting held May 2, 1897, the Pru-

dential Committee, unanimously and in behalf of the society, present the following resolutions: —

"Whereas it has pleased our heavenly Father to remove by death our beloved pastor and friend, the Rev. Caleb Davis Bradlee, D.D.,

"*Resolved*, That, while acknowledging the wisdom of Divine Providence, we sincerely lament the loss of him who had endeared himself to us by his zealous endeavors and the results which he accomplished in the interest of our society, by the strong hopes which he inspired within us, by the ties of Christian fellowship and mutual regard which he diligently cherished, and by the recollection and knowledge of his many virtues which enabled him from early manhood to contribute so largely to the welfare and happiness of others.

"*Resolved*, That, in the purity and nobility of his character and aims, his unaffected simplicity of manner, his unselfish devotion to active Christian endeavor, his abundant charity, his liberality and kindness toward those who differed with him in belief and practice, and his unstinted, loyal affection, we recognize virtues which claim our reverence and which we may well imitate.

"*Resolved*, That, we shall feel most deeply the loss of the promised continuance of his association, interest, and aid; and, inspired by the recollection of his unfailing devotion and zeal in our behalf, we will continue, and endeavor to increase our efforts toward the complete fulfilment of his cherished desire to establish a prosperous society for Christian worship, an abiding church home, and an important factor in the Unitarian Association and in the community.

"Accomplishing these ends, we may well feel that we have erected in remembrance of him, and in his honor, a fitting and enduring monument.

"*Resolved*, That to his family, in their deep sorrow, we extend our respectful sympathy.

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of our society, and that a copy of them be sent to his family by the clerk of the Prudential Committee.

Adopted by the Prudential Committee of the Second Unitarian Society in Brookline at a stated meeting, May 10, 1897.

A true copy.

Attest: GEORGE P. FURBER, *Clerk*.

[Boston Association of Ministers.]

The following memorial tribute was presented by the Rev. S. W. Bush at the regular meeting of the Boston Association of Ministers, held in the First Parish Church of Brighton, May 10, 1897, and was unanimously adopted by a rising vote: —

The death of the Rev. Caleb D. Bradlee, D.D., which took place on the 1st of May, has removed from us one of the most loyal and devoted members of our Boston Association of Ministers; and, on this our first meeting, we would briefly recall the memory of what he was and what he did.

Dr. Bradlee has walked among us with the sanctity and beauty of a consecrated life. He was a man of deep religious convictions, and carried with him wherever he went the spirit of Christ. He loved the ministry, and gave himself to its work with untiring constancy. He was especially interested in the formation and help of new churches; and, as he was not dependent upon his salary, he gave his services with disinterested zeal. There are now several self-supporting ones which owe their prosperity very largely to his efforts in their behalf.

As a pastor, he was very faithful; and his quick sympathies brought him into close touch with his parishioners, and enabled him in the time of their stress and sorrow to bring them the strength and cheer of trust and faith.

His private charities cannot be fully known, because he did not let his left hand know what his right hand was doing. But, now that he has passed away, many rise up with grateful benediction as they speak of his act of personal kindness. The volumes of sermons he published show that he was most interested in the practical aspects of the religion of Jesus, and these discourses bear witness to his ability and directness as a preacher.

He served this Association faithfully as moderator, and his cordial hospitality was proverbial. Taken as a whole, his life was fragrant with good deeds, and his character was brightened by the sweetness and light of Him whom he loved and followed.

As an evidence of our esteem and affection, be it

"*Resolved*, That the scribe be requested to place on our record this testimony of our appreciation of his life and character, and also to forward a copy to the family of Dr. Bradlee with the expression of our heartfelt sympathy for them in their sorrow, and of our trust that the faith he preached and lived may bring them solace and peace."

A true copy.

Attest: CHARLES GORDON AMES, *Scribe.*

The following letter accompanied the resolution: —

My dear Mrs. Bradlee,— I cannot perform the official duty of sending you this tribute of the brethren to your husband's sacred memory without adding a personal word. It was through our being often brought together while he was moderator and I was scribe that I came to know the man and his qualities, and I seem to know him better still now. I always see your face in company with his; and, now that we may think of the new light that gathers around his head, I like to think and wish that some rays of that light which never fades away shine down to glorify the shadows of the world where he has left you for a little time.

That he has not been taken from you, but rather given to you in a new and blessed way, I am sure; for you have lived in a common faith as well as in a common love.

God grant that all your precious memories of the years gone by may now change to high and holy hope! For, surely,

"The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made.
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, 'A whole I planned:
Youth shows but half.' Trust God, see all,
Nor be afraid."

With cordial greetings to your daughter and her husband, I desire to be thought of as

Your friend and brother,

CHARLES GORDON AMES.

12 CHESTNUT STREET, BOSTON,
May 11, 1897.

[Harvard College, Class of 1852.]

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., 20 LOWELL STREET,
July 14, 1897.

MRS. C. D. BRADLEE:

Dear Madam,— The Secretary of the Class of 1852 of Harvard College, of which your late husband was a member, requested me to convey to you and family the condolence and sympathy of the class in the affliction which his recent death has brought to you.

Be assured that his classmates appreciated his moral and religious character. They well remember his many virtues — his fidelity, his thoughtfulness, his disinterestedness, and kindness — during the years of his college life. The same traits were conspicuous during his long Christian ministry, to which he devoted his time and talents.

We all esteem most highly the memory of his useful life in the profession in which he was so successful, and to which he consecrated his ability in so many ways.

Allow me to add that it was my privilege to know him personally during these many years, and it was always a great pleasure to receive his warm and genial greeting.

In expressing to you our sympathy, I voice the sentiment of the class in saying that he merited at last the Master's benediction, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Very respectfully yours,
CHARLES C. VINAL,
Class of 1852.

[New England Historic Genealogical Society.]

MARSHALL P. WILDER HALL, 18 SOMERSET STREET,
BOSTON, MASS., June 2, 1897.

At a stated meeting of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, held this day, the death of the Rev. Caleb Davis Bradlee, Ph.D., D.D., being announced, the following resolutions were unanimously passed: —

"*Resolved*, That this society bears witness to the faithful and valuable services rendered to it by the Rev. Caleb Davis Bradlee,

Ph.D., D.D., of Brookline, who held successively the offices of Corresponding and of Recording Secretary, and who for twenty-eight years was a member of our Board of Directors. In every position he was always ready to aid the society by every means in his power.

"*Resolved*, That we honor the memory of Dr. Bradlee for the noble work he did as a minister of the gospel, his chosen profession, into which he entered with earnestness and zeal, laboring to promote the religious and moral welfare of his parishioners in the several parishes over which during his life he was pastor, some of which he built up from feeble congregations to self-supporting churches.

"*Resolved*, That by his writings, and particularly by the two volumes of sermons which he published, he won for himself a place among the authors of New England.

"*Resolved*, That we would express our gratitude for his liberal bequest to our funds, which will greatly aid us in carrying on the work in which we are engaged.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the widow of Dr. Bradlee."

From the minutes,

Attest: GEORGE A. GORDON,
Recording Secretary.

X.

PERSONAL TRAITS.

X.

PERSONAL TRAITS.

DR. BRADLEE was a good student from the days of his youth on through his active life. His mind was synthetic rather than analytic. He was rather impatient of details, and intuitively grasped conclusions that were afterward verified in his experience and in that of other men.

God, Christ, duty, and immortality were divine realities in his thought; and he had the power of carrying his convictions into the hearts and lives of others. His religion was to love God and man. His sermons were practical rather than theological.

Many souls were deeply touched by his preaching; and he received many confessions of personal indebtedness for new hopes and better life from those who had been helped by his spoken word. After the sermon came always the warm grasp of the hand and some word fitted to make a special impression on the individual.

He was always particularly interested in historical and philosophical studies. His classical knowledge was full and accurate, and he read and wrote French and Italian with some fluency.

In his reading, he was much given to biography and to sermons of the masters in the pulpit, both ancient

and modern. He cared less than many do for scientific studies, and yet was well informed as to the trend of modern thought.

He read in the line of the higher criticism to some extent, but cared little for the details of that science, being convinced of the reality of the great life revealed in the Old and New Testaments, finding its consummation in Jesus Christ.

He held tenaciously to certain views in theology which seemed to him essential; but he did not withhold his fellowship from any who had other views. However much Dr. Bradlee might differ in opinion from any one, whether in business affairs, church polity, or theological belief, he held personal friendship and human sympathy with all who came in contact with him. Speaking of one with whom he disagreed regarding some business proposition, he says, "Well, if we do not understand one another, we can love one another; and the points of difference will be consigned to an eternal oblivion."

To another, while discussing some plans about which they differed, he wrote, "Let it be clearly understood, at once, now and forever, that between you and me personally there can be nothing but the most cordial fellowship."

This trait in his character is well illustrated in what he said in the "Recollections":—

"But, comparing the clergy of to-day with the clergy of the past, I have no reason for complaint. Better men never lived than those who occupy our pulpits in this the latter part of the nineteenth century,

— honest, true, loyal, self-sacrificing, noble men, who would give up life rather than give up what seems to them to be the truth, who do give up life for other people by their overwork, by their large sympathy, by their loving hearts, by their generous gifts, by their always helping hand, so that a great many of our brethren by excessive labors and by large charities have become so enfeebled and so prostrated that they have finally surrendered their lives to their loyalty.

"I honor my brethren of to-day. I may not think as they think, I may not see as they see, I may not work as they work, I may be too tied to the past, I may be too bound to ceremony, I may like, more than they do, confessions and prostrations and forms; but I bow before them with reverence for their manliness, for their love of human nature, for their steady adherence to principle, for their study of the religions of all ages, for their cordial acknowledgment of the good in all religions, for their philanthropy, for their devotion to righteous living, and for all about them that is strikingly sound and really glorious."

Dr. Bradlee was extremely sympathetic in his disposition. All sorrow appealed to him, and the trials of his friends were borne as if they were his own.

He was especially sought for in cases of bereavement, and always had the right word to speak. His very presence in the house of mourning threw light upon the cloud; and, of those who read these words, many will remember the days upon which he entered their homes to speak words of comfort and peace such as are given to few to utter.

To many stricken hearts he wrote words like the following: —

"Our hearts are with you in this hour of your great sorrow; and may the dear Father of us all have you in his holy keeping, and send to you a peace and a strength and a resignation that will never pass away.

"How many are the changes that greet us in our mortal pilgrimage! And yet, if we have faith, how surely shall we find that 'underneath are the everlasting arms'! and how much of comfort there is in the words of the blessed Redeemer, 'Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end"!

He attended seven hundred and eighty-four funerals in the course of his ministry, and officiated at exactly the same number of baptisms. He also officiated at three hundred and forty weddings. Thus he was brought into close relations with many families outside as well as within the limits of his several parishes.

He assumed no clerical dress, but was at once recognized by those who met him as a minister of religion; and many, on very short acquaintance, came to regard him as one in whom they would find sympathy with their highest aspirations and a power of help in their deepest need.

With the exception of brief summer vacations, Dr. Bradlee was always at home. A visitor would always find him there, or, if absent, it was only for a few hours of parish calls or special services. His health did not permit him to go and come as most public men do. He was contented to be surrounded by his family and friends. Here he sustained the most tender relations,

known only to those who had the freedom of the home. In conversation he was bright and cheerful, and a hearty laugh was not uncommonly heard.

Although Dr. Bradlee was not permitted to mingle freely with his ministerial brethren or to attend many of their public gatherings on account of his feeble health, he was interested in all that concerned them, kept thoroughly informed of their pastoral changes, rejoiced in their successes, and sympathized with them in their reverses. Nothing touched him more deeply than sudden misfortune befalling a minister or his family, and his purse was always open for liberal contributions to aid any of the ministerial fellowship whose need was brought to his notice. In such cases he did not wish his name to appear, and would write when he sent his gift: "If you receive this, please say nothing about it to me or to any one. Please simply write on a postal to my address, 'The weather has been fine of late.'"

In all his charity he tried, so far as it was possible, to keep the one hand from knowing what the other hand did. While he made a note of sums given away in case he should ever wish to refer to the account, he never reckoned up the amount given, and said he did not wish to know. In the course of the last thirty years of his life many thousands of dollars were thus given away.

His tastes and habits of life were simple. He wanted others to have everything they wished for which it was right for them to have, but for himself he wanted little. After serious losses in the great Boston fire in 1872

his only regret was that for a time the list of his charities must be curtailed. No life was ever lived on this earth that presents a better illustration of altruism than does his own. He held his fortune as a trust from God, of which he was a steward. His faithfulness to this idea was shown both in his use of it while he lived and the disposition of it which he made by his will.

Hospitality was one of his prominent characteristics. "The latch-string is always out," was one of his favorite sayings. He delighted to entertain his friends.

There were some of his younger ministerial friends to whom his house was opened with great freedom. There was always a "prophet's chamber" to which they were welcome, and a seat at table always awaited them.

His summer outings were never enjoyed alone. In addition to his own family, others were usually invited to accompany him; and thus many have unexpectedly enjoyed a vacation at Bar Harbor, Delaware Water Gap, White Mountains, Newport, and elsewhere. On such occasions the hospitality was most abundant. The "Bradlee Party" was always regarded as especially fortunate by the guests of any hotel where it was entertained.

Young men, and especially those who were about to enter upon the work of the ministry, were very interesting to him. He invited many of them to his home, and in many ways showed a fatherly interest in all that concerned them. His interest in such young men was deepened if he found that they were poor or lacking in social privileges. He never went to concert or other

public entertainments, feeling that he must husband his strength for the duties to the performance of which he was pledged; but he was constantly making it possible for others to enjoy such entertainments.

Children loved him, and were loved by him. Shy little ones soon learned to trust in him, and sat on his knee, listening to his stories or droll imitations. With something of the ventriloquist's art, he made their dolls talk to them, and soon enlisted their utter confidence and gained their lasting friendship.

Dr. Bradlee was full of charity for the wrong-doer. He distinguished between the sin and the sinner, and his contempt for the one never overcame his love for the other. He regarded his own conduct with reference to the strictest law of righteousness. He was, if anything, over-conscientious. He always gave the benefit of the doubt to the other person, and held himself amenable to the most searching judgment. He abhorred debt, and, if possible, would never have slept a single night in debt to any one. He was willing to give others more than their due, but sometimes would not receive for himself what others considered his just dues.

He was an early riser, being found at his desk regularly for many years at four o'clock in the morning. He liked to work when all was still about him, and these early morning hours were filled with labor. His correspondence was very large, not only with individuals, but with libraries and societies.

All through the day hints and suggestions of what was to be done on the following morning were written

on slips of paper and placed in his hat, which was always on the study table. He was exceedingly prompt as a correspondent and in all his business relations. He was a wise counsellor in financial matters, and in many ways disclosed the possession of faculties the exercise of which made him a successful business man. This ability he inherited from a line of ancestry full of sagacity and integrity.

"Cordially," — so he signed his letters. It was more than a conventional term to him. It is the expression of his character. So he lived, and so he labored, in his family and in the world,— to the glory of God, in the name of his Master, for the good of all.

XI.

SOCIETIES.

XI.

SOCIETIES.

EARLY in life Dr. Bradlee became interested in the work of historical societies, and from that beginning his interest grew in regard to the great literary societies of the world. He was a member of more than fifty societies of this character, and was in active correspondence with all of them, and made them the means of distributing literature and giving information of an interesting character.

Besides many which are not mentioned here, he was a member of the following societies: —

Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen, Denmark;

Royal Asiatic Society, China, Branch Shanghai;

Victoria Institute or Philosophical Society of Great Britain;

And the following historical societies in the United States: New England, Rhode Island, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Chicago, Iowa, Wisconsin, Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee, Kansas, Minnesota, Old Colony, Dedham, Long Island, Essex Institute, Salem, Mass., etc.

He was also in correspondence with the librarians of a great number of libraries both in America and in Europe, and was constantly giving books to libraries.

They were sent by fifties and hundreds. In course of his lifetime he gave away enough books to have made an enviable private library. They were books of great value, both ancient and modern. His feeling was that great libraries were the proper depositories for valuable books.

He was not a member of any secret societies, but had great sympathy with all the noble principles which underlie them. He found his social fellowship with the Boston Association of Ministers, the Ministers' League, and the Harvard Divinity Unitarian Club. These societies he regularly entertained at his house, giving most delightful hospitality, counting no expense of time or money too great, if only his brethren were handsomely cared for.

He regretted that the state of his health would not allow him to mingle more freely than he did with his brother ministers, but he kept up his fellowship by his frequent welcome so generously extended to them in his own house.

Whenever he felt able, he went to the meetings of the Boston Association of Ministers. It was from this body that he obtained his first license to preach; and he was honored by an election to the moderatorship two successive years, which was all that the by-laws allowed.

The meetings of this Association which were held at his house on the second Monday in January for many years were much enjoyed, notably so the one on Jan. 11, 1892, when, as a result of his solicitation, a loving-cup was presented by the Association to the Rev.

Brooke Herford, D.D., who was about to leave Arlington Street Church, Boston, for London, to take charge of a new church.

It was at such a meeting, Jan. 14, 1895, that he read his "Recollections of a ministry of forty years."

He was connected with a great many of the charitable societies of Boston, being a life member of several.

He was for a year President of the Tremont Dispensary.

The charity which most appealed to him was the Home for Aged Couples. His sympathy with the aged was always very tender, and he specially prized an institution which had for its object the continuance of the marriage relation with no separation until death between those who were in need of help.

He wrote,—

> Remember the aged, so that all through their life,
> They may still keep together as husband and wife.

He became a life member of this institution in 1885; and, as a member of its council and as chaplain, he was of invaluable assistance to the work it was doing. He spoke in its interests in public and in private, assisted generously in all its financial enterprises, furnished a "Bradlee Room" in the home, and in many other ways showed an undying interest in its affairs.

The following extract from a letter of the president of the Home for Aged Couples March 5, 1888, indicates the close relation which Dr. Bradlee sustained with this worthy charity:—

Having been honored, by vote of the trustees, to convey in warmest terms their sentiments of affection and respect, I esteem it a privilege, and am greatly pleased to unite with them in expressing gratitude for your untiring and disinterested efforts to advocate and advance the interests of the home; for your valuable services as a member of the Corporation and Board of Council; for your tender thoughtfulness and Christian sympathy, love, and kindness, as adviser, friend, coworker, and beloved clergyman.

He was a member of the American Authors' Guild; and one of the few times that he ever went out of town to a society meeting was when he went to a meeting of this Guild in Salem, Mass., May 5, 1894, when the Salem Thought and Work Club gave an Authors' Breakfast, to which the members of the Guild were invited.

He was asked to be a trustee of Galesville University in May, 1895; but on account of ill-health he was not able at that time to increase his duties.

The appeals which came to him for financial help from societies as well as individuals were numerous, and to have answered all of them would have taxed the income of a multi-millionaire.

He was careful to give through well-organized societies or to individuals whose needs were personally known to him.

XII.

PUBLICATIONS.

XII.

PUBLICATIONS.

DR. BRADLEE published as follows: Sermon after the death of the Rev. Richard Pike, 1863.

Sermon after the death of President Lincoln, 1865.

Sermon after the death of the Rev. Ezra S. Gannett, D.D., 1871.

Farewell Sermon, Church of the Redeemer, 1872.

First Sermon to the Church of the Good Samaritan, Christian Unity Society, 1872.

Sermon after the death of Millard Fillmore and Charles Sumner, 1874.

Sermon, "The Teaching of the Mountains," 1876.

Sermon, "The Grand Hereafter," 1877.

Sermon, "Natural and Revealed Religion," 1878.

Sermon, "Recognition of Friends in Heaven," 1878.

A Slight Sketch of the History of Harrison Square Church, 1878.

Poems, Series No. 1, 1880.

" " " 2, 1880.

" " " 3, 1881.

Sermon after the death of Francis Humphreys and Miss Mary C. Bispham.

Brief Memoir of George H. Gay, M.D.

Sermon, "Jesus Christ Eternally Alive," 1888.

Volume of "Sermons for All Sects," 1888.

Volume of "Sermons for the Church," 1893.

The manuscript was ready for a volume of sermons to be published in 1898, to be called "A Voice from the Pulpit."

XIII.

POEMS.

XIII.

POEMS.

IN 1875 Dr. Bradlee began to write poems, which appeared now and then in the newspapers. The birthday or other anniversaries in the lives of his friends, the death of prominent people, the striking events of parish life, the course of his reading, or the impulse of his religious nature, furnished frequent occasion for this sort of writing; and in 1880 two small books of poems, first and second series, were published, to be followed in 1881 by the third series.

In the July number of the *Magazine of Poetry* for 1891 Judge Frederick W. Ricord, of Newark, N.J., published an article on Dr. Bradlee; and eight pieces of his poetry were quoted. A few poems are given here, some of which have been previously printed, while others are selected from manuscript prepared in anticipation of publishing a fourth series.

GOD KNOWS BEST.

My God knows best! Through all my days
  This is my comfort and my rest,
My trust, my peace, my solemn praise,—
  That God knows all, and God knows best.

My God knows best! That is my chart,
  This thought to me is always blest;

It hallows and it soothes my heart,
For all is well, and God knows best.

My God knows best! Then tears may fall;
In his great heart I'll find my nest;
For he, my God, is over all,
And he is love, and he knows best.

HOLY WAITING FOR THE RIGHT.

Wait! thou canst not know thy fate,
The hidden things that lie deep
In the councils of God's state,
While we wake and while we sleep.

A weaving is round the throne
Of our blessings true and pure;
To mortal ears now unknown,
In the future all secure.

The Almighty's plans are grand,
But are hidden from our sight;
Of us all does he command
Holy waiting for the right.

"WHO SHALL BE GREATEST?"

"Who shall be greatest?" so asked they of old;
And honors they craved, that fast fade away.
"Who shall be greatest?" Ah! soon were they told;
For Christ took a child, and answered that way.

"Who shall be greatest?" The thought comes to all
Who prizes would seize in this world of woe,
Not knowing the clouds that sure will befall
Souls that on bubbles their strength would bestow.

"Who shall be greatest?" The proud ones, who cry
That power and fame on their lives shall be cast;
And souls that seem small, that only rely
On wealth they call sure and free from a blast?

Not those who for self put all others down,
That they in their pride may take the large share,
Have all the prizes, and wear the gold crown,
And care not for pain their victims must bear.

For such are the ones we cannot call great:
The good ones alone can conquer the earth.
On them bright angels with banners do wait;
And music from heaven will greet their new birth.

IN MEMORIAM: HON. HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, LL.D.

How vain are human words to tell
How human words have left a spell
On grateful hearts all round the earth,—
Words welcomed from their very birth!

And can the soul that now is still
No more the world with music fill?
And will the voice so strong and sweet
No more the world's best wishes meet?

We know *that soul* will never end,
And, day by day, a charm will send
On all the souls that God has given,—
A voice of power direct from heaven.

HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, LL.D.

1809—80—1889.
MAY 12.

Statesman, Historian, and Friend,
Orator, Patriot, and Sage,
To thee the sons of Boston bend;
In youth, their star; their pride in age.

The hand of time you have defied,
Are still a light thoughout the land,
Webster's friend and Everett's pride,
With all the great will ever stand.

And Europe, too, has heard your name,
And good men there speak out their praise;
Your thoughts and words have spread a flame;
Our hearts are blest: we pæans raise.

And now this birthday eighty years
You count! Your work most bravely done!
A man of truth, and freed from fears;
Honored and loved by every one.

All hail to-day! Long may it be
Ere you are called away from earth,
May many honors come to thee
Before above you find your birth.

O. W. HOLMES.

1809—80—1889.
AUGUST 29.

Our hearts to thee in joy do turn,
Whose words in all our hearts do burn,—
Words full of love and peace and light,
Pleading for truth, and strong for right.

As eighty years do bless your life,
Years filled with joy and freed from strife,
All through the world do souls rejoice
That still on earth is heard your voice.

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down,"
Brought sixty years ago a crown;
And ever since your poems strong,
As richest gems, to us belong.

And science, too, will chaplets give,
Because you teach us how to live,
How health to keep, and strength secure,
And all our daily cares endure.

And letters bow to thee as friend;
Your praises everywhere extend;
And all at home and all abroad
To you give thanks with grand accord.

America's and England's son
The world would crown thee, cherished one!
All hail! the grateful people say,
As eighty years you greet this day.

NO TIME FOR ANYTHING.

[A young lady said that she had no time for anything; and this poem was written as an answer to her, and to all who feel in the same way.]

Time for nothing, — can it be so?
Now please answer me, yes or no.
No time for God, no time for man,
And are you doing all you can?

What hours are wasted, thrown away,
So that each week you lose a day?
What time is given to useless things,
That no blessing or profit brings?

At what hour do you rise at morn,
And yourself for your work adorn?
What days to pleasure do you give?
Is it for joy alone you live?

I really think you've time to spare,
If you each hour will plan with care,
And keep your faith all firm in God,
And lean upon his staff and rod.

Time enough, if all time we bless,
And waste of time to God confess;
For then our work will well be done,
And life's true battles grandly won.

A SICK PERSON'S PRAYER.

Lord, cure me by thy healing hand,
Thy gracious aid bring near;
And all my pains wilt thou command
At once to disappear.

Spare thou my life for many years,
All weakness take away,
Anoint my hopes, dismiss my fears,
Thy holy power display.

And when I shall again get well,
And feel my strength return,
All foolish doubts wilt thou dispel;
Let faith within me burn.

Refresh my heart and bless my will,
And make me wholly thine;
And daily on my soul distil
Thy holy dew, divine.

And thus through sickness make me strong
In body, soul, and mind;
For unto thee does grace belong,
And thou art always kind.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

The lofty mountains lift their heads sublime,
And send their music with a holy chime
Unto the heavens that arch them from above,
And bless them ever with a gracious love.
The valleys, too, reclining at their base,
And gazing at them with a touching grace,
With beauty smile, as if in keen delight
They felt the glory of the lovely sight.
The rocks, stern, grave, and rugged in their power,
Seem willing, too, to bring their sacred dower
Of peace and strength, of splendid might and truth,
Of old age crowned with everlasting youth.
The waters, too, cascades and ponds and brooks,
Preach startling sermons by their pleasant looks.
And strangers gathered from many a home,
Who've felt the mystic spell that bade them come,
Bow gravely low at sights so grand to see,
And lift their humble thanks, O God, to thee.

NIGHT.

The night has come, the light has fled,
The stars above us shine;
And while we sleep, and sense is dead,
Save us, O God divine.

Why need we fear, sustained by thee
Who art forever true?
And wilt thou, as we bend the knee,
Thy love and grace renew?

Forgive the sins this day we've done,
Thy sacred help concede;
And wilt thou, O most holy One,
Be with us in our need?

And when the night of death is sent,
And work is done below,
And all our earthly power is spent,
Eternal blessings show.

THE OCEAN.

I looked upon the ocean, and calm it seemed, and fair:
The peace of the Almighty was surely resting there.

I listened to the ocean, its ripples and its swell:
The voice of the Eternal a message seemed to tell.

I bowed before the ocean, and all its fearful rage,
Restrained by the good Father, who made the shores, its cage.

I stood by the old ocean, and thought about our life,—
Its days so full of changes, that pass from calm to strife.

And the ocean seemed to speak of a more gracious shore,
Where God would stay our billows, and bless us evermore.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

(JULY 10, 1881.)

Garfield, the nation's pride and head,
Lies low, by wicked hands brought down;
And all the people, on his bed,
His heart with holy love would crown.

What did he do to call out rage?
And who with him a fault could find?
A man so gentle, true, and sage,
So thoughtful, pure, and good, and kind.

Has not his life a pattern been
  Of truth and peace and grace and power,
And have we not forever seen
  His spirit grand in danger's hour?

A youth so faithful, loving, pure,
  Ready each day his work to do,
His task to meet, his lot endure,
  And bless his deeds with goodness, too.

In college, faithful, strong, and brave,
  Careful in all things square to be;
Never to wicked ways a slave,—
  A child of God by grand decree.

In all places of trust and care,
  When college-head, or on the field,
Or in debate he had a share,
  Oh, never to the wrong he'd yield!

And so, when raised to greater power,
  A man amongst all men the pride,
A gift of God, the nation's dower,
  He did with gentleness decide.

Why, then, did wicked hands bring low
  Our country's hope, the world's delight?
Spare him, O God, thy grace bestow,
  And from this darkness bring a light.

OH THAT WE KNEW!

Oh that we knew why life was given,
  Why toil and pain and sin are near,
Why tears do fall, and hearts are riven,
  And all the days are filled with fear.

Oh that we knew why doubt will come,
And sickness, too, and dire despair,
And clouds so gather in the home,
And darkness settle in the air.

Oh that we knew why death is sent,
And dear ones vanish from our sight,
When we can hardly give consent,
And cannot call the message right.

Oh that we knew about the life
Reserved for those who love the Lord;
A life all freed from care and strife,
Where angels live in sweet accord.

Oh that we knew! well, faith shall tell,
And make all human puzzles plain,
And show that God does all things well,
That none need murmur nor complain.

O God, that faith we pray thee send
To all who on the earth remain;
And then the clouds at once will end,
And loss will prove eternal gain.

WE DO NOT KNOW.

We do not know, we cannot say,
That we shall see another day;
But this we know, and gladly tell,
Whate'er may come, that all is well.

We do not know, we cannot say,
What clouds and darkness hedge our way;
But this we know, that God, our Lord,
Will holy help and grace afford.

Why should we know, or care to know,
If time shall bring a gift or blow?
Since anchored on the Rock we stand,
Holding the Father's outstretched hand.

That hand will keep us all indeed,
And make us safe in pressing need.
No fear will come, all will be bright,
If we but keep the Lord in sight.

A DAY LOST.

[A writer says, "That day is lost on which some good deed is not performed."]

Oh count that day lost that sees no duty done,
No brave battles fought and no victories won,
No great sins put down, no mighty truths attained,
No base passions lost, no solid virtues gained.

Oh count that day lost that finds thee not awake,
And ready for all things good for Jesus' sake.
Day lost, indeed, unless thou'rt ashamed to stay
Where thorns and thistles disfigure all the way.

Oh count that day lost that leads thee not to God,
Hard though be the pains, and sharp though be the rod;
That finds thee not the more holy and more strong,
And afraid of nothing but the path of wrong.

SPRING.

The spring has come, the blessed spring,
With secrets rich and deep;
Glad tidings does it ever bring,
Grand truths for all to keep.

The spring has come, the blessed spring,
And all around is birth;
Whilst nature seems with joy to ring
About the fruitful earth.

The spring has come, the blessed spring:
Our hearts with praise are glad;
We'll fly, like birds, with speedy wing,
From all things sharp and sad.

WRITTEN FOR THE ORDINATION OF THE REV. ALFRED MANCHESTER.

Thy servant, at the temple gate,
O God, with fear and love
And anxious thoughts will ever wait
Thy blessing from above.

Oh, let him always speak the truth
With gentleness and grace;
And teach him how, in manhood's youth,
To run the Christian's race.

May many souls by him find life
And grace and truth and rest!
And thus in each and every strife
May all by thee be blest!

Let Jesus reign triumphant here,
And teacher and the flock
In a communion sweet and dear
Cling to that mighty "Rock"!

For, then, the day of growth will come,
And souls will wake to peace;
And in the ever-blessed home
God's love will never cease.

GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

God saw the nations sweeping by,
And heard the people's anguished cry,
"Oh, give us light!"
Out of the skies he sent a babe,
The humble child in manger laid,
A striking sight!

Wise men and shepherds marched to see,
And to the babe they bent the knee,
And presents gave.
A "star" stood where the child was found,
And all the place seemed holy ground
To men so grave.

But *now* that child is Lord and King,
And unto all will blessings bring
Who hear his voice!
He asks of each and all the heart,
And never will his grace impart.
O world, rejoice!

IN THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT.

In the stillness of the night,
In the solemn stillness, too,
When the moon is shining bright,
And we all must sleep, not do,

Then a careful love looks down,
Blessing all that take their rest,
O'er the city and o'er town;
Orders each one's lot the best.

Some receive an earnest call;
To their souls a voice says, "Come!"

Seeming death on flesh will fall,
  But the soul is carried home.

Others are kept calm and still,
  And await the sunlight clear,
Then, refreshed in soul and will,
  Rise and greet the duties near.

BAPTISMAL HYMN.

Almighty God, our child this day
  Into thy hands we place;
And ever would we humbly pray
  For rich supplies of grace.

The thoughts make pure, the words make true,
  And all the deeds inspire,
And send each hour thy holy dew
  And thy celestial fire!

Send Jesus, too, for daily light,
  His trust and love and peace;
And, oh, may all that's just and right
  With this child's growth increase!

And when the day of change must come,
  And mortal strength depart,
When all the work of earth is done,
  Send sunshine on the heart!

PALM SUNDAY.

Oh, see the royal Leader come;
And, look! the people shout and run;
    A king is here!
He rides in lowly guise, indeed:
It was in ancient writ decreed;
    Why need we fear?

Hosannas loud anoint the air,
Palms are waved, and the people dare
To praise the Lord!
Garments are thrown upon the way,
And Christ asserts his rights this day,
And is adored!

Oh, let us in our hearts upraise
The strongest faith, the warmest praise;
And palms we'll wave!
With us, O Lord, in love abide,
And every thought and deed decide;
Our souls, oh, save!

EASTER POEM.

All hail to Easter Day now here;
Away at once our doubt and fear,
For Christ has risen!
Our hearts shall rise in sacred love,
Our eyes shall turn to thee above,
O God of heaven!

We feel the reign of time has fled,
No longer can the seeming dead
In sleep repose!
The soul will find another home,
And hear the Saviour's solemn "Come,"
When breath shall close!

We know this life will speed away,
And short will be our mortal day,
And flesh must fade!
But still beyond there is a rest
For all the holy and the blest
Who've Christ obeyed.

Thanks be to God for Easter Day!
To Jesus, too, who led the way
To grace and peace!
And may we all receive a crown,
When we our earthly work lay down,
And faith ne'er cease!

THOUGHTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

Hark! the voice of God is speaking,
And angel hosts are hovering round;
Love upon the earth is breaking;
The chosen Son of God is found!

Wise men from the East are coming,
That they may see the Holy One;
Shepherds from the field are hastening
To find what glories have been won.

A star now shines with sacred light,
And onward moves with mighty grace,
That it may guide these seekers right
Unto the consecrated place.

In lowly spot there lies concealed
The gracious wonder of the earth;
And to their trembling hearts revealed
Messiah's long-expected birth.

Glory to God, and peace to all!
The mighty King of souls is here!
Oh, with the Magi let us fall,
And bow our heads, adore, revere.

Glory to God, that star of light
For ages has its beauty spread,
And many hearts unto the right
Has by its holy splendor led.

Glory to God, the world is blessed,
And all our night is turned to day,
If Jesus be by all confessed
As Rod and Staff, as Hope and Stay!

ONLY A LITTLE WHILE, AND WE SHALL BE WITH GOD.

A little while: then we shall rest
From pain and care and sin;
And we shall find that God knew best
The hour that death should win.

A little while: the trump shall sound;
And what a change will come,
And what a light will fall around,
When mortal life is done!

A little while: then heaven we'll see,
And angels gladly meet,
And find, by God's all-wise decree,
Our blessedness complete.

A little while; but faith must first
Transfigure all our days.
O'er all our lives must glory burst,
On all our lips be praise.

A little while: O God, how long
Before the time shall come?
In that great hour may we be strong;
And save us, through thy Son!

OUR DEAR ONE GONE.

I hear a step upon the stair,
I feel a trembling in the air,
And near me is a vacant chair,
  And broken is my heart.

A voice is gone forevermore,
A voice I loved I hear no more;
It's heard alone on God's own shore.
  O God, thy grace impart.

A face so dear no more I'll see,
No more will smile on earth for me:
O Father, now it looks at thee,
  And I am all alone.

A hand I took, and loved to take,
No more with joy my heart will wake,
For now, withdrawn, a chill will make;
  And all my peace is gone.

But, thanks to God, the soul will live,
And unto all a rest will give;
And whilst we weep, O God, forgive,
  And send a holy light.

Farewell, our dear one gone above,
All filled with grace and crowned with love,
Who through celestial fields will rove.
  Our God has ordered right.

XIV.

SERMONS.

THESE sermons are selected from those which Dr. Bradlee had prepared for the third volume of sermons, which he proposed to call "A Voice from the Pulpit." They are sermons of the Longwood pastorate, and were to have been published in 1898.

THE ECHOES OF GOODNESS.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever."—DAN. xii. 3.

THE ECHOES OF GOODNESS.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." — DAN. xii. 3.

ASSUMING that every person in the world wants to be wise, and wants to turn other people to wisdom and to righteousness, I have chosen the words of Daniel for my text this morning. There is a splendid reward that all through the Bible is promised, not only to those who are doing good all the time, but also to those who lead others to do well; and the threatenings for those who lead others to go astray are very great, terrible, and worthy of serious notice.

"It were better that a millstone were hanged around their neck, and that they were drowned in the depths of the sea." These are the words of Jesus; and he had no excuse for those who dragged others down to sin, suffering, and despair.

But to-day we would gaze at the more bright, beautiful, strengthening, and comforting side; and let us see how we each one of us can win others to righteousness. I suppose that we can bring about the regeneration of others in three ways, — by our manner, our speech, and our deeds.

By our manner. We hardly consider how much is involved in the way in which we do things or in the attitude that we take at varied times, in our cordial

greeting or our cold reserve, in our smile or our frown, and in any way by which we convey intelligence without actually speaking out all that we think.

Sometimes a devout posture at church has stirred up a large number to a deeper thinking, or a cordial shake of the hand in the street has given courage to a broken heart, or a glistening of the eye, or the unforced tear, that leaps spontaneously forth at the command of an earnest sympathy, or the turning of the eyes and the pointing of the finger to heaven, will thrill many souls to the deepest centre, arousing the better feelings, and deluging the heart with a sacred quickening and glorious peace.

Those who have seen Murillo's Madonna, where the Virgin, with a face filled with glory, points her hand upward toward heaven, will readily perceive how even a silent but an eloquent posture may stir the soul, consecrate the heart, and rouse up the deepest reverence of the mind.

Our brother Bowen, pastor of a church in that part of Boston called Roxbury, who a few years ago passed to God, bewailed by so many hundreds of sorrowing ones, had a very happy, genial, tender, and holy manner, in look, grasp, and in everything appertaining to appearance and action, overpowering the recipient with a sense of good will. And so is it with all people who would nobly influence the world. Their manners are bathed in a Christian courtesy, girdled by a religious gentleness, and inspired, sweetened, and consecrated by a Christ-like simplicity.

There may be a great many good people who are

very rough, repelling, and sharp, but their roughness puts a tarnish upon their power, sullies the effect of their lives, abridges the glorious beauty of their souls, and cuts off and cuts down a great many grand opportunities; for faith, peace, devotion, humility, and thorough consecration must all be written out in the face, sparkling in the eye, hovering upon the lips, and beaming in every varied expression, or else our existence will prove a partial failure, whilst in the other world we shall bemoan many neglected benedictions.

Have we not often said, That man is a real Christian, or That woman is solidly good, for we can *see it in the face?* Well, this is just what we mean when we say that it is the duty of each one of us to carry on the outside as well as on the inside a true advertisement of the character.

If we have ever entered the studio of a sculptor, making frequent visits, day by day, for weeks, we have probably seen some statue in the stages of its formation.

At first a rough block, looking like nothing pleasant, and rather hideous than otherwise, and certainly nothing like what it will be in its possible future; but week by week the block of marble grows more shapely, more attractive, and every way more beautiful, till at last an almost human face appears, But even then, perhaps, something seems to be lacking. The eyes are not quite right, the profile is a little too sharp, the lips are not sufficiently clear, the expression repels somewhat; and so the cutting, the trimming, and the polishing go on till *all is right*, for every new thought of the artist makes his work more complete, and writes itself out with a beautiful clearness upon the speaking marble.

So, it seems to me, the ever-improving character chisels the face, if we belong to those who grow in grace, for our good angel, the Celestial Artist, keeps making us more spiritually attractive, and, unconsciously to us, paints our eyes, forms the countenance, and polishes the lips, till we are living epistles read by all the children of God. And thus do we powerfully influence a community on the road to righteousness, always unconsciously, but none the less gloriously, carrying with us the banner of the Lord. Again, by speech, we effect good; and this is brought about through prayer, teaching, and advice, having laws, of course, for its regulation, which, if faithfully, conscientiously, and earnestly obeyed, cannot fail to secure the end that is desired.

I suppose that there is no power wielded like that of a judicious, humble, tender, heartfelt, and believing prayer, especially in times of great tribulation.

I do not now speak of eloquent harangues to God, nor of the information that so many give to the Almighty of how he ought to treat the children of men, nor of anything in invocation by which man is made prominent and God really set aside; but I refer to that opening of the heart to God,— that is, without any questioning, the true wrestling of need for a grand supply, where the human pleads with a trembling entreaty for the blessed aid of the Divine, and where the grateful heart, weighed down by a sense of undeserved favors, pours forth its jubilant thanksgivings before the altar of the Almighty. Such prayer, in church or in conference meeting or in a private chamber, always

helps those who hear it, and leads the wearied mortal very near to the celestial city. Yet this duty of prayer is most delicate, since intercourse with God, from its very nature, seems to be something sacred, solitary, and hardly a matter for any witnesses save for angels, unless the occasion be one of public necessity, where the call is immediate and peremptory. I humbly confess that there is no part of my special work as a minister that seems to me more sacred than this, so gently must it be handled, so unostentatiously must it be managed, and so trustingly must it be met.

I know that there are some clergymen, who say or who want to say, when they enter our homes, almost the first thing, "Let us pray"; but I confess that it is a very hard thing for me to say that, unless I feel that those I visit are in the mood for such a service, and really crave the presence of God, haply feeling after him that they may find him. And then, too, I feel that such should *ask me* rather than I ask them; for the matter is between them and God.

How often a sick one will exclaim, or a troubled one, Oh, I wish that my minister would only pray with me! Why, then, my friend, do you not ask him? and how does he know but that he intrudes upon your own sacred intercourse with God, unless you signify to him that you desire his pleadings also. I am truly sorry that in many churches the praying is so often left to the minister, to be offered in the pulpit or in the study, as if he were the vicarious atonement for the whole parish, being expected to do all the religious work of all the souls under his charge.

If we will only be sincere, it is no disgrace to us that we are called praying men and praying women; and nobody will really like us and esteem us any the less because we have an altar in the household, and because each week we are always seen with the little band of worshippers who meet together that they may talk with God.

The example, too, upon the young, of devout prayer is very great. None of us forget our praying mothers, and many of us carry around with us all the time the perpetual fragrance of invocations that we heard in the days of our youth; and those prayers were a certain kind of celestial roses dropped in profusion upon the soul, the perfume of which can never cease, but will be distilled in all its sweetness throughout eternal ages. Let us pray, then, that we may help others, which we certainly cannot fail to do if we pray from the sacred depths of the heart. By teaching and by preaching the world is helped. I do not mean by any one sermon that is uttered by any one man, but by all the discourses that have been preached by the millions of men since the first Christian year; nor do I mean so much what is said as the spirit in which it is spoken. Of course there are tons of poor sermons that are poured out from the pulpits of the land every Sunday in the year; and in Saint Paul's day there was probably the same difficulty, since he speaks, perhaps with a little sarcasm, of the "foolishness of preaching." But every word that is spoken from the sacred desk, out of a believing heart, has wings, and will find a cordial welcome somewhere; and one cannot utter the words "God," "Jesus," "the Holy Spirit," "eternity," "duty,"

and "retribution," without, if the speaker be sincere, doing vast and everlasting good.

We make altogether too much of the human in our discourses; for we say sometimes, What a great sermon! What an interesting preacher! and such words as those. But this is all wrong; for the service is between us and God, and not between us and man, whilst the speaker is but the humble instrument of the Almighty. And, if he would do well, all glory be to the Father; but, if he would fail to do well, ask the Father to give him more power and to shed upon him a more transfiguring, uplifting, and comforting grace.

The very fact that so little is remembered of a sermon is a proof of how little consequence human rhetoric becomes, only as God's spirit tingles through it, uplifts it, and glorifies it.

"You gave us a splendid discourse yesterday," said, one Monday morning, a parishioner to his pastor.

"Did I?" was the reply. "Tell me the text, if you can."

"Text! text! Well, I declare, I have forgotten all about that!"

"Why, then, tell, if you please, the subject."

"Subject! subject! did you say? Well, I must confess I do not remember exactly what it was. I only know I enjoyed the sermon at the time, and it has helped me very much."

Here, friends, is just my point. The power is with God; and the effect is nothing that can be definitely stated, but something that is forming a splendid foundation in the human soul.

Once more we help each other through speech and

by advice. Now it is one of the most difficult duties in the world to give advice so that it will be well taken; for the one to whom we speak may honestly think that we claim superiority or are playing the Pharisee or are fond of dictation. In fact, the one addressed may say, does often say: You tell me what to do? Well, who are you that tell me? Who gave you this authority; and are you a saint, whilst I am a sinner? Perhaps you had better attend to your own affairs, and let me alone to take care of myself, for which I am abundantly able without your aid. Here is the spirit that the one advised may naturally possess, while oftentimes such a person is excited enough to speak out just what is thought with something emphatic added between each word that shows how very disturbed are the channels of the heart. And yet we must give advice; for, if rightly given, it will in time win many souls to God. I suppose that the only way to proceed in this direction is to be gentle, modest, conscientious, acknowledging no personal deserts; and then, too, we should be very careful to choose the right time for our words, for we had better never speak than to speak at an inauspicious moment. Sometimes I think that a rebuke that is given indirectly is much better than a direct attack,—a treatment something like that which the prophet gave to David, so that the accused party, without knowing that he was the guilty one, passed judgment upon himself, bringing out those forcible words that have echoed through all the centuries, "Thou art the man."

Then, too, oftentimes, if we will only speak in season, we may prevent a wrong, since some may only

wait for our stern disapprobation in order to make up their decision about some weak or wicked act. How often one says, Well, if he or she chooses to go to destruction, I am not inclined to interfere; for it is none of my concern! Now this is utterly wrong; for, if we can lead any one into the light, it is our bounden duty so to do, for thus we shall turn many to righteousness, and a great number of our own sins will thus, by the grace of Almighty God through our Lord Jesus Christ, be thoroughly blotted out.

Run and stop that young man or that young woman while there may be time, before he or she or both fall into the precipice toward which they are daily hastening; and then your life will be beautiful, while in God's city you will find fresh stars added to your crown.

Finally, by deeds we turn many to righteousness; and they will shine as the stars. Good deeds are always repeating themselves through their fruitful echoes in the admiring heart; for we applaud, and in time we copy that which we like, and this is the law of human nature.

One Peabody will, in due season, have a hundred successors, who each will try to overdo the other in some grand benefit to the race, so that the millions that are given will, by a due spiritual growth, bring their splendid interest, simple and compound. Peabody, then a Stewart, then a Lenox, then a Kidder, then a Hemenway, and so on the givers rise up in a glorious succession; and thus the hard human heart gets thoroughly melted. I was profoundly struck with an anecdote which I read, that probably is familiar to you all,— how, after a very powerful sermon upon giv-

ing, a man, whose liberal feelings had not received a very generous culture, first resolved to give a very little, and then a little more, and then a great deal more, till at last, the box reaching him, he thought a little less would do, and then a little less, till, his better feelings coming up once more, he threw into the box his whole purse, saying aloud, "*There, writhe, old nature.*"

Now all the good deeds that we witness make the old nature in us *writhe* till we get on better ground, and so all our good deeds help others in the same glorious way. But, after all, there is no solid help outside of Christ, and only as we get near to him shall we find peace and spread abroad righteousness; and, oh, let us "seek him then, while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near," and let us never forget that he says, "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," and, in the words of the unknown poet, let us cry out,—

"Helped by thy grace, no more we'll stray,
No more resist thy voice:
Where thou, Good Shepherd, lead'st the way,
That way shall be our choice.

"Too long, alas! our wandering feet
The crooked paths have trod:
Henceforth we'll follow, as is meet,
The sure, unerring road.

"All praise, O Lord, to thee alone
Below, as 'tis above;
And may thy joys, Eternal One,
Both draw and crown our love."

TRUE LABOR REFORM.

"Renew a right spirit within me."
Ps. li. 10.

TRUE LABOR REFORM.

"Renew a right spirit within me."— Ps. li. 10.

I PROPOSE to speak to-day of the right spirit, what it is and what it is not, what is mistaken for it, and its real power, grace, and benediction.

We may mean a great many things when we say of a man or of a woman that he or she has a right spirit; and yet, according to the New Testament, such a spirit can only have one decided interpretation. Let us look at the matter in the assertion of right, in the progress of labor, in the study of Christianity, in the endurance of suffering, and in the hour of death.

That is, let us examine the proper and the improper spirit, as we claim what is our own, as we make our living, as we find out and obey our religion, as we suffer trial, and as we pass to God; for these points will cover the salient parts of each one's life. Probably in no one thing do we make more mistakes than in the claiming and the maintenance of our own possessions.

Forgetting that, under the right gospel interpretation, nothing is our own, but all that we have is under trust, a loan on time, we hold, guard, and increase our wealth, very often with but little conscience, and always as if the right of domain in the whole world rested at our own door. What would Almighty God probably say about the matter? and what are the ques-

tions of justice, honor, holiness, mercy, and love, that must be weighed by our own decision? Certainly, everything that each one of us may possess is on mortgage; and God holds the bond, so that all of us are simply trustees, having nothing, save on a loan, and on a loan that may be recalled at any instant without a moment's notice.

Again, everything that is held unjustly is not our own, and must be given up. Of course, in the many complicated relations of society there will arise questions as to duties, which seem almost inexplicable, where money taken or given seems a wrong to the stability of mercantile laws and an outrage on honor and righteousness. What, then, in such cases shall a man do?

Compromise the matter fairly, divide the loss, and stand square before God and man. But what if one party should demand all or none, and will listen to no fair and equitable decision?

Wait, then, till that other party gains a better spirit; and if, after a while, the better spirit should not come, give what you are advantaged thereby to God's poor, and call the account settled. In all cases we had better suffer than do wrong or even bear a loss, rather than any one should have just grounds for supposing that we have done any wrong. But these are side issues.

Nothing is our own; and we are acting all of us for a Master, who will some day want to examine our accounts. And to him shall we stand or fall, according to the intents of our souls.

In the progress of labor there is a right and a wrong side. For what are we daily working? Is it merely for personal gain? Is it only that we and ours may stand high in the community, and wield a large financial power? Have we no thought for others in all our plans? And have we forgotten the poor that are to be clothed and fed, and the sick that are to be tended, and all sufferers that are to be helped? and is the eternal *I*, our only creed, and are we bowing down at our own altar continually?

O God, can it be that thy children thus pursue shadows, and build their hopes on mere foam? and can it be that we are all of us so blind, deaf, and demented that we expect to rule the world by our own right arm, and gather its treasures into our own storehouses? And are we so far away from humanity, so deluged with selfishness, and so overcome by success, that we must steer to our own port, and pick up no shipwrecked passengers on the way?

Forbid it just Heaven, and show to us how each and all are interlocked in one common interest, and how the heart-beats of one should echo the eternal throbs of all.

My friends, we have forgotten the glory of labor until we understand that every person that God has made is our brother or our sister, until we know that the rounding of a head of a pin by a patient worker in a factory is as high, as just, as true a work as the consigning of a fleet of ships to sea, whose harvest shall be a million.

The successful merchant, counting his tons of gold,

and the honest sweeper of our streets, are both children of God. I honor them both; and to each should we bow with the deepest respect and confidence, for both are doing *their* part, and as such are worthy of a high, an earnest, and a holy regard.

We hear to-day of the working of the people's party, or of the socialists, or of those human pests, the anarchists; and all these people are to-day claiming a large share of our attention. Such ask us to consider and to redress the great injustice which society now inflicts upon labor.

I am willing to grant that sometimes great wrong is done to those who bear our burdens; but the cure, my friends, is not to be found, as we are told, in the giving up of wages, in the destruction of banks, in the crushing of railroads, in the throwing of deadly missiles, or in any way by the upsetting of the great financial system of the world. For these things, instead of making the poor better off, would add to their burdens, increase their distress, and throw the whole world into the rankest poverty and shame; for thus ambition would be clipped, effort paralyzed, and all the comforts of life rapidly disappear, and, like Arabs, we should wander in the desert, and civilization would depart.

Jesus said, you remember, that the laborer was worthy of his hire; and he must have meant, by hire, wages. And, therefore, instead of no wages, let us cry, More wages and less hours of work, and after a certain probation the right of every honest workman to a proportionate share of the profits, and then neither wealth nor poverty could ever attain an undue excess, and

every one born into the world would have a right to reach any position desired. There must be capitalists or else none of our great institutions of learning and charity could be sustained, and those whom sickness or bodily disability rendered useless would perish without help. Let there be capitalists; but let the road to capital be so wide, so beautiful, and so easy that the beggar-boy to-day who walks your streets may ten years from now, by simple, honest effort, be one of your merchant princes. Let us put down all gambling, and let money anywhere and everywhere represent past labor, and honor every man because he is a man, and every woman because she is a woman, without regard to clothes or dividends or power, and the main difficulty will be reached.

I honor the laborers who supply our wants to-day. I feel that they have wrongs. I recognize them as my brothers and my sisters in the Lord, and they have a right to scan every dollar that is owned and spent by their more fortunate brethren. But revolution will not effect a cure, and it can only hasten destruction and death. Let there be a right spirit created in the hearts of the people, and trouble will depart. For the nearly forty-five years that I have preached in or near Boston, I have stood up for the claims of what are falsely called the lower classes, and have pleaded earnestly for them in the presence of those who wielded large revenues; but I would earnestly urge all parties to meet each other on just grounds, and on neither side must temper crush reason, nor suffering obscure justice, nor hate cause murder. I would say to the

rich, I'ut down your ambition, crush your undue love of gain, abstain from so much excessive show, give away more freely and gladly, put an end to every spark of pride lurking in your bosoms, and live only to do good. And I would say to the poor, Give up your jealousy, your irritable temper, everything that may be unjust, untrue, and ungenerous, and be sure that the way will be opened for better days and for a larger success.

You are just as good as anybody else, just as noble, just as true, just as useful, and your one or two rooms are just as honorable as the palaces that other people use; and, just as long as you keep on the right side of God, you are the peers of kings and queens, — nay, higher up than that poor royalty.

Nay, more, it is you that really are our princely ones; for you have built our palaces, banks, ships. From your hands has arisen all our prosperity; and, although you do not hold the earthly title-deed of the same, it is all recorded in the resister of deeds in heaven, and none of your rights will be lost.

But, my friends, it is ever to be remembered that all the large monetary establishments in the world, such as banks, railroads, steamships, and the like, are for the ultimate benefit of the poor. And here I do not refer to the tame statement, however true and strong, that, by all this financial aid, locomotion is made more easy, and the producer brought into closer and more friendly contact with the consumer; but I refer to the fact that a large proportion of the stocks of these prosperous concerns are owned by the poor directly or indirectly.

Do not start at such a statement as this. I know

that the opinion is very generally the other way. But examine, if you please, the list of owners in the various corporations now existing, and you will find, besides the names of widows and orphans who each hold a little,— and these littles added together make a large sum of money,— a large quantity of property that is held for the poor in the savings-banks and the life insurance offices all over the country; and hundreds of millions of dollars would be but a small estimate of the amount thus held to-day. Now nearly all this immense wealth is held in trust for the poorer classes, and belongs wholly and solely to them, principal and interest. So that, if we should make a wreck of the financial centre, the circumference itself would all go to pieces; and widows, orphans, and hard-working laborers who have saved up a little would sink into confusion and death.

I appeal, then, earnestly for the benefit of the working classes that no such wholesale revolution as this be contemplated for an instant. Because one part of our house is defective, there certainly is no good reason why we should destroy the whole building and bury ourselves in the ruins.

I once wrote these words: —

The rich and poor must join as one,
  The work of life to do;
And every angry passion shun,
  That breaks the heart in two.

The rich without the poor would die,
  And pass away unknown.

The wings of wealth itself would fly,
And nothing could we own.

The poor without the rich would sigh
For comforts and for peace;
And in the deepest want would cry
That human life might cease.

Both poor and rich with hand in hand,
Must meet life's burdens sure,
And make the days of earth all grand,
And all things sent endure.

God gives us all what he deems best,
To each a special cross;
And he will make our trials blest
And hallow every loss.

Again, my friends, there must be a right spirit in the study of Christianity. A great many people look at some of the doings and sayings of those who are called Christian, and exclaim, If such be Christianity, God save us from being Christians!

But, my friends, the whole argument is weak; for in nine cases out of ten what they condemn is not, never was, and never will be Christianity, although ten thousand Christians may stand up for and approve it. True Christianity stands by that which is right. It never compromises with wrong in any of its myriad shapes. It never scoffs at nor abuses nor shames in any way the poor wayfarer in the street. It never strikes hands with anything low or base or unfair or in any way questionable; and it has not anything mean or small or contemptible about it.

I would say to all who deny its power or forfeit its grace or maltreat its claims, It is really just what you want, and just what you in your heart of hearts applaud; and I think that you are only ridiculing the masquerade of it that false professors are attempting to bolster up. The grand desire of Christianity is the lifting up of the people. It calls every one a child of God. It would reconcile us to the will of Heaven; and it knows no rich nor poor, nor high nor low, but labels all one in Christ and all one in God. I know that the rich turned away from it at first, the learned sneered at it, and the powerful abused it. But, thanks be to Almighty God, the fishermen gathered around it, and the mechanics and artisans of that day rallied to the support of its sacred flag. And so now all who will study its claims, obey its laws, and be inspired by its precepts, will find the grace, the power, and the help that all of us so much need. In the endurance of suffering, my friends, we need the right spirit.

All of us are ordained to be sufferers, and there are no exempts in this army of God that is ever filling up. If it is your turn to-day, it must inevitably be my turn to-morrow, or perhaps in one day, by a great calamity, we shall all take our turn together.

But we must bear our blows in patience and in holy hope; and let there be no murmur at the heart, no peevishness in the brain, no despair, and no savage remonstrance, but submission the most perfect, holy, and splendid, for saints are made by passing through fire and water, and it is by passing through great tribulation that we arrive at the throne of God.

But let us be still, whatever our lot. As one has beautifully said:—

"Be still in God! Who rests on him
Enduring peace shall know,
And with a spirit fresh and free
Through life shall calmly go.
Be still in faith! Forbear to seek
Where seeking nought avails.
Unfold thy soul to that pure light
From heaven which never fails.

"Be still in sorrow! As God wills,—
Let that thy motto be:
Submissive 'neath his strokes receive
His image stamped on thee.
Be still in God! Who rests on him
Enduring peace shall know,
And, with a spirit glad and free,
Through night and grief shall go."

Yes, let us be still, and wait at the time of discipline; for the blows are all for our healing, and the daylight will come once more, with renewed glory, grace, and splendor.

So, too, as we die, let us die aright; for the time must come to all of us, sooner or later, when the mortal sinks into the immortal, and time is labelled eternity by the ascending soul. So let us meet that hour, not stoically, not in tears, not in rebellion, and not with any vain regrets and trembling anticipations, but with a calm, a delightful, a holy, and a serene joy that shall fill the room where we are placed with a radiant glory, not of earth. So may it be Almighty God. "Renew a right spirit within me."

This must be a spirit of trust, love, aspiration, devotion, and holiness, such as may be found in a thorough completeness in the Son of God. Our prayer, then, should be: O Father, make us more like him, more humble, more gentle, more thankful, more honest, more pure, and more sacred. And may he, as we rise to the eternal kingdom, take us by the hand, own us as disciples, and lead us to his God and our God, to his Father and our Father.

NEW YEAR'S SERMON.

"Look not behind thee."— GEN. xix. 17.

NEW YEAR'S SERMON.

"Look not behind thee."—GEN. xix. 17.

SO the angel spoke to Lot and his family, so Jesus spoke to his disciples, and so Almighty God says to us, at certain seasons, in peculiar emergencies, and when the hour comes for unencumbered action. Then he tells us, through the conscience, not to look back, not to brood over the past, and not to disturb a finished history. Curiosity, regret, timidity, and foolhardiness induced Lot's wife to look back, and so she perished; and, no matter whether the story be literally given to us as it occurred or not, the principle remains the same, and the lesson which it would set forth is equally good for all time, being especially applicable on this first Sunday of the new year, when perhaps many of us are inclined to dwell too long upon the past, when we do not feel prepared to "go forward," and when we are reeling under the weight of our weaknesses, doubts, and sorrows.

If we be tempted to gaze falsely backward, with vain regrets, with unholy apologies, with unsanctified curiosity, with vitiated pride, with terrible impatience, with hardened obstinacy, and with a weak sentimentalism, as we are thus tempted, let us "remember Lot's wife." Some persons are very apt to shut the future entirely out of vision. Instead of living on hope,

they try to nourish themselves by memories. Instead of saying what they *will* do, they keep talking about what they have done. Instead of looking for better things, they count up lost opportunities. And all this is to a great extent without profit, unsuggestive, chilling, and deadly; and, if all were to fall into this way of thinking or acting or dreaming, the world would be set back at once into a dreary, chilling, and deadly past. Let us each search our hearts, and see whether we are guilty of this great mistake of brooding over the inevitable.

Do we stand at this fresh season of trial, opportunity, and grandeur, and, instead of bodly turning over our "new leaf," do we keep reading over the "old leaf," with storms of tears, with crushed hearts, and with a sort of mental and soul paralysis? If so, we shamefully abuse the noble chances that God so lavishly offers for our true restoration to his glorious favor. Of course, all must repent; and repentance is one of the urgent calls of Christianity, one of its noblest duties, and one of its inevitable demands. But we are never asked to carry the pack of our sins upon our backs forever, finding ourselves so thoroughly crippled that every step forward is fearfully clogged, bewildered, and checked; for in this way only dwarfs and drones are made, and, if we so do every year, the weight becomes heavier, neglected opportunities are fearfully increased, and all is dark, sad, and unpromising.

Or, to look another way, perhaps some persons on this New Year's Sunday are counting up their virtues;

and perhaps they are boasting of them, fondling them closely and lovingly to their hearts, and feeling very happy, satisfied, and proud because they have reached to such a great height in holiness. Perhaps they are thinking how good they have grown, and are congratulating themselves upon their increased spiritual stature. Well, this is arrant folly, the worst kind of spiritual pride, the worm in the bud, and the canker at the soul.

Of course, it is well occasionally for us to have a sort of schedule of our soul's advance laid sacredly, secretly, and gloriously away in the chambers of the brain. We ought to know how much of a mansion in our heart we have given up to God, and we ought to have some idea how near to Jesus we have travelled; for thus are our hardships sweetened, our tears restrained, duty made easy, and thus does a light from the window of heaven shine upon all our efforts.

Let such measurements, however, be exceptional, far between, and never too much fondled. Just look at the answers that are constantly given to us when we question people as to the cause of their heavy depression. Several who are sad to-day would thus speak if they were truly honest: —

I spoke thoughtlessly a word one day during the past year that I would now give worlds to recall. I meant no harm, and I thought no harm; but that which I said may be misinterpreted, or twisted, or misrepresented, and thus I may have caused a heart to suffer. I uttered a fearful oath, or I spoke an untruth, or I defrauded when I could easily have been honest, or I

was impure where I might have been holy, or I have at times forgotten the Bible, prayer, God, and Christ, when I had every reason to be devout; and a great part of my life the past year has been a waste, and I am very, very wretched as I think of all these slips, crimes, and blots.

Well, this record is bad, very bad; and I have no wish to excuse or cover or wipe out the guilt which a candid avowal makes so prominent. But I do wish to accuse the wrong-doers of one more sin that they have not mentioned, and of a sin of which they are, it may be, totally unconscious. I charge them as guilty for brooding over what cannot be helped, and in standing guard so persistently over that which nothing now can wash out, and in looking backward all the time. Do not stop there, my friends; but run away from that dark spot, hasten to a better place. Let all the previous experience, after a suitable penitence, be dropped, and march to a nobler stand, to loftier visions, to more fertile ground, to a richer work, and enter now *at once* upon a spiritual life.

The apostle Paul did not continually moan over the days when he was a persecutor. No, he preached, prayed, and travelled in Asia, Greece, Spain, and, some say, in England; and he marched on, and looked up, whilst in his closing days he made himself altogether a new man. And so let us all go and do likewise. We must not keep saying what we might have done; but let us say what we will do, God helping us.

What we might have done is all a vision, a dream, and a castle in the air; but what we are determined

that we will do this coming year may be changed from an idea to a fact, from imagination to reality, from the splendid chart that is woven in the brain and soul to the magnificent performance the fragrance of which will be felt in the celestial kingdom.

Just here let me mention a fault very common among writers of history. I do not undervalue history, and I conceive that the study of it is vastly useful to man; for such a study invigorates the mind, encourages philosophical thought, ripens, enriches, and glorifies judgment, uplifts imagination, and leads one to detect the beautiful unity of the races, and shows how the nations are really all bound to each other and all connected with Almighty God.

But the fault that I would mention is this: that in a large majority of the histories that are written the authors state what might have been. After recording facts, they tell us how the whole affair ought to have been different; but what right have they or any one to say what ought to have been? They should reverently let all supposition alone. Let them confine themselves entirely to the reality or to the philosophy imbedded in it, and give us facts just as they are. My friends, let us consider a little the duties that fall to us as we stand at the opening of this new year, whose coming days no angel has approached to unfold, whose unblotted pages are left unsketched and undetermined. We should start upon the untried journey before us with spirits unabashed. I know how common it is for all minds to dread the unseen; for superstition wraps its fascinating coils about the future,

a poisoned and a wicked imagination lends its officious and troublesome aid as we take our view of coming days. And we sometimes, we know not why, stand pale, trembling, and piteously cast down before the unknown, and tremble at the idea of what may come to us in the days that are to be mastered.

Oh, let us, then, if we wish to be noble, straightforward, and earnest Christians; let us, if we have any wish to become victors in the coming battle, if we desire to make the approaching year jubilant, fruitful, and glorious,—let us enter the labyrinth with great, stalwart, and holy fortitude, not admitting that danger is possible, not in the mood to be afraid of any enemy that is able to come against us, and determined, whether we live or die, or enjoy or suffer, that we will at least stand upright, holding fast our integrity, and holding it with a good, honest, and consecrated will.

Let us remember also that not only are we to start upon this grand march without fear, but with a true, an earnest, and a splendid conception concerning its holy, electric, and everlasting importance. We may be as fearless as a lion; and yet, if we feel not the dignity of life, if we consider not the solemnity of events, if we estimate not the affiliation of heaven and earth, and if all our deeds be not shaken by the vibrations of eternity, then our strength is but weakness, our bravery is in vain, we can never be heroes, and nobility of character will never fall to our lot.

Let us be humble; and, with all our vigor, reality, and earnestness, let us be fully assured that of ourselves we

are nothing. Let us think of the old saying, so true and so often verified, that "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Let us not forget that sometimes seeming loss is real gain, and let us be willing quietly to wait for God's grand revelations; and then, if the storm should come, let us sweetly draw around us the mantle of faith, feeling perfectly safe because our Father is at the helm.

Above all, let us take with us on this coming journey independence of character, that we may not be carried away by the popular voice, but may think, speak, and act for ourselves. Of course, as we are all brothers and sisters in the Lord, there must be a mutual sympathy, a hearty co-operation, and a holy fellowship. But with all this interchange of good will there must be sacredly maintained a separate, an individual, and an independent character.

We must each act out our own convictions, and none of us become the mimic or the photograph of anybody else; and, just as we all of us have different looks, so must we all have varying characters. And, whilst we aim at perfection, each one should display a peculiar shade of it; for we have each our own part to weave in the mighty fabric of God's ordinance.

Let us go forth, then, without leaning upon our neighbor. Let us fill out the full measure of our calling; and let us complete, adorn, and consecrate our own special history.

Again, whilst we are to be to a great extent ourselves, it is equally true that we cannot go forth alone; for we must have a guide, as the labyrinth into which

we are entering is full of intricate paths, and they all diverge into varied roads. And there are on many of these roads no way-marks to designate where they end, and we must take a guide.

It is my duty, my privilege, and my pleasure to speak his name, even the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour and the Redeemer of mankind. He has sifted life, and understands all its remarkable phases, the mystery of its birth, the complexity of its growth, and the wonder of its finish. He has seen its Bethlehem, its wilderness, its transfiguration, its Calvary, its ascension.

Let us take this Head of the Church, this appointed Judge of the world, and this holy Redeemer, as we enter upon the fresh days that are before us; for then, come what will, we shall go through everything triumphantly, and we can be sure not only of peace in this world, but of life everlasting.

As these years rapidly begin and end, as their events quickly come or go, just like the shifting scenes in your magic lantern, we are reminded not only of our own insignificance and frailty, but also of the eternity of God; for he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, and with him "there is no variableness nor shadow of change." There is an ancient legend quite significant, something like this, as translated by one of our ripe scholars: —

"God took a man into the vestibule of his house, and displayed to him the glory of heaven. He took off from him the robes of flesh, and soon he was in the spirit world. To the right hand and to the left towered

mighty constellations that by self-repetitions and answers from afar, that by counter-positions, built up triumphal gates, whose architraves, whose archways, horizontal, upright, rested, rose at altitudes by spans that seemed ghostly from infinitude. Suddenly, as he rode from Infinite to Infinite, as thus he tilted over abysmal worlds, a mighty cry arose that systems more mysterious, that worlds more billowy, other heights, other depths, were coming, were nearing, were at hand. Then the man sighed and stopped, shuddered and wept. His overladen heart uttered itself in tears. 'I will go no further,' he said: 'insufferable is the glory of God.' Then there was a voice that uttered, 'End is there none to the universe of God; and so, also, there is no beginning.'" This legend is full of rich meaning, and it is peculiarly fragrant this New Year's Sunday; for it foreshadows what our state is to be above, for all our years will be very new, bright, and holy there. There will be nothing old; and glory will rise upon glory, and splendor will leap upon splendor, until we are thoroughly entranced. I offer you, dear friends, my sincere congratulations at this time when all are wishing each other well; and may it, indeed, be a happy New Year to you all in your homes, business, church, and souls! May your spiritual life be thoroughly increased! may holy angels attend you on the right hand and on the left! and, whether you live or die, may you be the acknowledged disciples of the Redeemer, and have your names written in God's Book of Life! God Almighty through our Lord Jesus Christ bless you one and all.

The poet Gill said, and with some of his words we will close: —

"O time! ne'er resteth thy swift wing,
Thy minutes make no stay;
Yet what vast treasure do they bring,
What treasure bear away!
O richly laden hours, ye fly;
Yet ye lay down your load.
O minutes freighted awfully,
Your freight is all bestowed.

"Ye bring the world's consuming care,
Ye bring the tempter's wile,
Ye bring the glorious strife of prayer,
Ye bring the Father's smile.
Yes, Lord, our days may be divine,
Our hours may golden be;
The brightness of their light may shine
Through all eternity."

SOLID GOODNESS.

"Let not then your good be evil spoken of."— ROM. xiv. 16.

SOLID GOODNESS.

"Let not then your good be evil spoken of."— ROM. xiv. 16.

IT is not enough for us that we are good; but our goodness must be so well defined, so clearly shaped, and so full of holy, splendid, and beautiful echoes that nobody can speak of it with disparagement, doubt, and denial,—that is, our characters must be clear as crystal, bright as a sunbeam, and pure as ice. We must seem good to our neighbors, friends, and everybody; and we must, to use the terse, pungent, and glorious Scripture words, "Let our light shine before men." I am not asking you or myself or any one to seem good, without *being so*. I do not wish you nor any one to play continually a double game, to wear paint upon the soul, and to go through the world marked saint by man, but marked Satan by God,—no, never!

Let us stand for just what we are worth; and, if people would estimate us at a higher rate than we deserve, let no deception of ours start the rumor, build up the glory, and enhance the delusion.

What I wish to advance is this: namely, it is not enough for you, for me, and for all to be good, and yet never to show any signs of it that can be clearly detected by those who are watching our movements all the time; for we ought not to keep our convictions, virtues, and worship so chilled, so smothered, and so deeply hid that no one can exactly make out whether

we are soldiers of the cross or fighting under a very different standard. It is not enough for us to be good, ever so good, ever so pure, and ever so holy; but we must also appear so, and our whole manner, voice, and everything about us must show that we are so. Yes, we must not only be soldiers of the cross, but we must wear the uniform, carry the weapons, display the flag, rush into the battle, and prove our title sound, sweet, clear, beautiful, and grand. You may say that a man who never shows what he is can never be what he pretends; and perhaps, as a general statement, your remark is correct. But there are exceptions to the rule; for many a man is really religious, but naturally so timid or proud or sensitive that he will, when in private, give indubitable proofs of goodness, but all the time, in public, will seek to cover up natural impulses, and by bravado, or by reserve, or by complete silence, will conceal the real disposition. And such persons say it is no one's concern what we believe, what thoughts we cherish, and what affections nestle in our hearts; and they maintain that whether they are religious or not is a matter that must be settled between them and their God. A young man once said to an aged person, "Have you got religion?" and the instant reply was given, "None to speak of." Such people say, God knows what we are, and that is enough; and, even if we are called infidels, knaves, and all kinds of hard names, it does not concern us in the least, for we have no religion of which to speak. I wish, however, to say to such that they make a great mistake. I admit that they may be truly good men or women, and perhaps better men or women than many of the talkers and

performers; but they are not so good as they should be, can be, and must be.

If they were hermits, their argument might be honest, true, and solid; but, living as they do in the centre of a crowd, in the presence of gazing eyes, right before waiting souls, and in God's world of many people, they must remember that their example tells. For our life is not a unit, but it is a universality; and every man or woman, as long as he or she dwells upon the earth, is not only building himself or herself up, but is ever furnishing materials for the upbuilding of many other souls. And it is the law of God that we must live for others as well as for ourselves, and that every man, woman, and child, by a decided, unquestioned, and stalwart moral and religious example, should help every being within possible reach.

It is said that, if one stamps upon the earth, the reverberation of the sound can be detected in the most distant planets; and how much more true it is, and how deeply solemn the fact, that all our thoughts, words, and deeds keep reverberating for years in the hearts and characters of our fellow-beings!

"Let not your good be evil spoken of."

There is a time in our experience when it is no matter whether our good be evil spoken of or not; and this is the case when we have done all in our power, not only to be good, but also to seem so, and, if we do the best that we can, no more can be asked of us. I do not doubt that often our noblest deeds are marked, on some human tablet, as very bad, are ascribed to selfish motives, and are every week misunderstood, twisted, and slandered; but we cannot help that, nor

need we care for that, nor need we think about that. For it is good for us sometimes — ay, often — to stem the tide of public opinion; and there would be no merit, courage, and virtue in constantly swimming along with the current. Nay, we should have but very little originality of character if we bent our wills, ways, and thoughts exclusively under the direction of any one mere human leader.

There are those in the world who have the wonderful faculty of attributing every deed of man to a low motive; and, if a man would give a princely donation, in order to aid a noble charity, such say he did it merely to increase his popularity, not that he cared in the least for the poor that he helped. And, if one would advocate strongly any charitable movement, such say they wonder who has paid him for his eloquence, and what office he is seeking; and, whatever one does that is praiseworthy or honest or holy, such are always gazing for *by-ends*, as if it were impossible for any one to be good for goodness' sake, for Christ's sake, and for God's sake. Whenever you hear such people talk, never pay any attention to what they say, but pray God, when you are alone, that their hearts may be changed, and that they may be made more charitable, holy, and Christ-like. I thoroughly pity any one who can never detect anything noble in humanity; for, of course, he must form his judgment after scanning the vacant depths in his own soul. And what a pitiable world such a one inhabits; for all around him are pirates and knaves, all joy and honesty are gone, and might, not right, is the motto.

Sin is let loose and becomes triumphant, and death

in such a case must be an inexpressible relief; for who would care to stay a moment in so much danger, confusion, and despair? Do you find, however, that these critics are any more ready to die than anybody else? And do they not rather seek to stay just as long as they possibly can in this deceitful world?

You may be very sure that it is a very safe rule for you to distrust those who are always distrusting others; and, whilst they speak harshly of the race, they are simply furnishing you a photograph of their own spiritual domain.

I suppose that the words of our text will apply to every experience of our life; for the question often arises in the heart of the one who strives to be a Christian, Can I continue to do this or that, and yet be religiously consistent, keep my character untarnished, and stand well before my own soul? That is, how will my conduct in any particular case appear to my neighbors, friends, the community at large, and to Almighty God; and shall I be universally condemned or universally approved?

Perhaps I may be legally right; but do I not lessen the dignity of goodness, if I violate the sanctity of the consciences of those around me, and ought I not to abridge a great many comforts, cut off a great many gains, and suffer considerably rather than create a suspicion of my honor, purity, and holiness in the hearts of the weak? And did not Saint Paul mean a great deal when he said, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world lasts"? Many persons, who really desire to be holy, true, and sound in the very depths of the soul, ask how many of the

world's pleasures they can conscientiously retain, enjoy, and advocate; and the answer is very plain, eloquent, and easy. Any of them, all of them, and as many as possible that are innocent are at your disposal; for religion does not intend to make you a hermit, and to bar you out from the world. It is no monk's cell where you are to be cloistered forever, but it is meant for the liberalizing and the enlarging of the mind, for the unfolding, the enrichment, and the glorifying of the soul; and it wants to pull down all false restraints, smother all hypocritical isolation, and crush all pitiable austerity. And yet, before you enter upon any of the world's delights, you must see to it that your judgment is wide-awake, your reason clear, your imagination bridled, your affections purified, and your souls lighted up by celestial fire. You must avoid many things that in themselves may be right, but that in you, as an example, would be wrong; for perhaps *you* can bear a great deal, but your neighbor who is looking at you is easily upset, pulled down, and destroyed. It is well enough to leave what one can or cannot do to each one's purified heart, as it is strengthened, sanctified, elevated, and uplifted by the grace of Almighty God; and it would be foolish for any one to draw up for anybody else a code of laws which must be obeyed, since such a code would not in many cases apply, and would in all cases be somewhat out of order, one-sided, and severe. If we wish to live in this world with any sort of power, we must constantly study the consciences of other people, and must shape our conduct accordingly; for we show our true bravery when we are willing to give up a good many privileges rather than to throw a

stumbling-block in any one's way, and we can do better without our luxury than our weak neighbor can without his virtue. And life, in order to become in any way sublime, must be full of constant self-denials.

Nay, are not these self-denials, these givings-up, and these holy sacrifices made blessings, when by their aid a brother or a sister is led closer and closer to goodness and nearer to God? and shall we ever be ashamed, as we stand before Almighty God, that we have often given up our gains, pleasures, and comforts, that through our abstinence some soul might be saved, lighted up, and blessed?

Then, oh, then, in that great day, when all hearts are laid open, when all secrets are exposed, and the life record stands clear before Almighty God, if we have been "good Samaritans" in the flesh, a holy peace will be ours, which will abundantly compensate us for any earthly toils that we may have endured. Whilst we are living here with those of all kinds of characters, whose spiritual discipline so vastly, strangely, and terribly differs, let us think, as we speak and act, of the great hereafter; and let us so manage our ways that the echoes of our deeds shall be truly fragrant, beautiful, and eloquent in heaven.

There are a great many in this world who think that it is a rich delight to spend their time in ridiculing the convictions of all with whom they come in contact. Such never admit that anybody *save themselves* has a conscience. They are too thoughtless to make any allowances for differences of education, peculiar temperaments, and varying circumstances; and they insist that they have the sole power of judging what is right

and what is wrong, and of forcing others to think as they do.

But, my friends, what right has any one to say that God has given to him or to her the whole truth, clothed him or her with the clearest reason, and affixed to him or to her the largest heart?

What right has any one, save Jesus Christ, to say that he or she is the criterion by which all others are to be judged? and how dare feeble, misguided, and sinful children of God assert so high a claim?

Allow that you do not think as I do, my brother. Very well, this does not prove that you are wrong or that I am wrong or that we are both wrong, for it proves nothing; and, if you should be sincere in your convictions, and if I should be equally so in mine, we have a ground on which we both can stand, and where we can proffer our congratulations,— namely, the ground of our mutual sincerity. Here we may form a close fellowship, and here we may be bound by a holy alliance, although our opinions may be as wide apart as the east is from the west or the north from the south. Let a truly good man go where he will, into any church or country, and he will at once be recognized; for the odor of his sanctity will so cling to him that even a Hottentot will hold him in respect, and, no matter if not a single soul would agree with his creed, all will commend and admire his heart. "Let not your good be evil spoken of."

Turn to Jesus Christ as the true example of what we have endeavored to teach; for he not only was good, but he always appeared to be so, was not ashamed to let his light shine before men, thought it a duty ever

to be himself in private and in public, and was willing to sacrifice everything except virtue, and to that he ever stood faithful. He would give up his life, but not truth; and let us learn gladly of him how to make our lives attractive, strong, and sublime. And then all will know, feel, and confess that we are truly good. The thoughts which I would to-day call forth I have thrown, in my own rough way, in a form like this:—

Oh, let us all seem what we are,
  And be that which we seem,
That all our deeds be not afar
  From that which each should dream.

May thought and act forever blend,
  And work and speech unite!
And let us each and all defend
  That which is wholly right.

To seem, and not to be, is wrong;
  For then the heart is weak.
Will any peace to those belong
  Who goodness never seek?

To be, and never make it known,
  To hide the grace we love,
Will stand against us at the throne,
  When we are called above.

Help us, O God, through Christ, the Son,
  True in all ways to be;
And, when our work below is done,
  Thy glory may we see!

